the weekly Standard

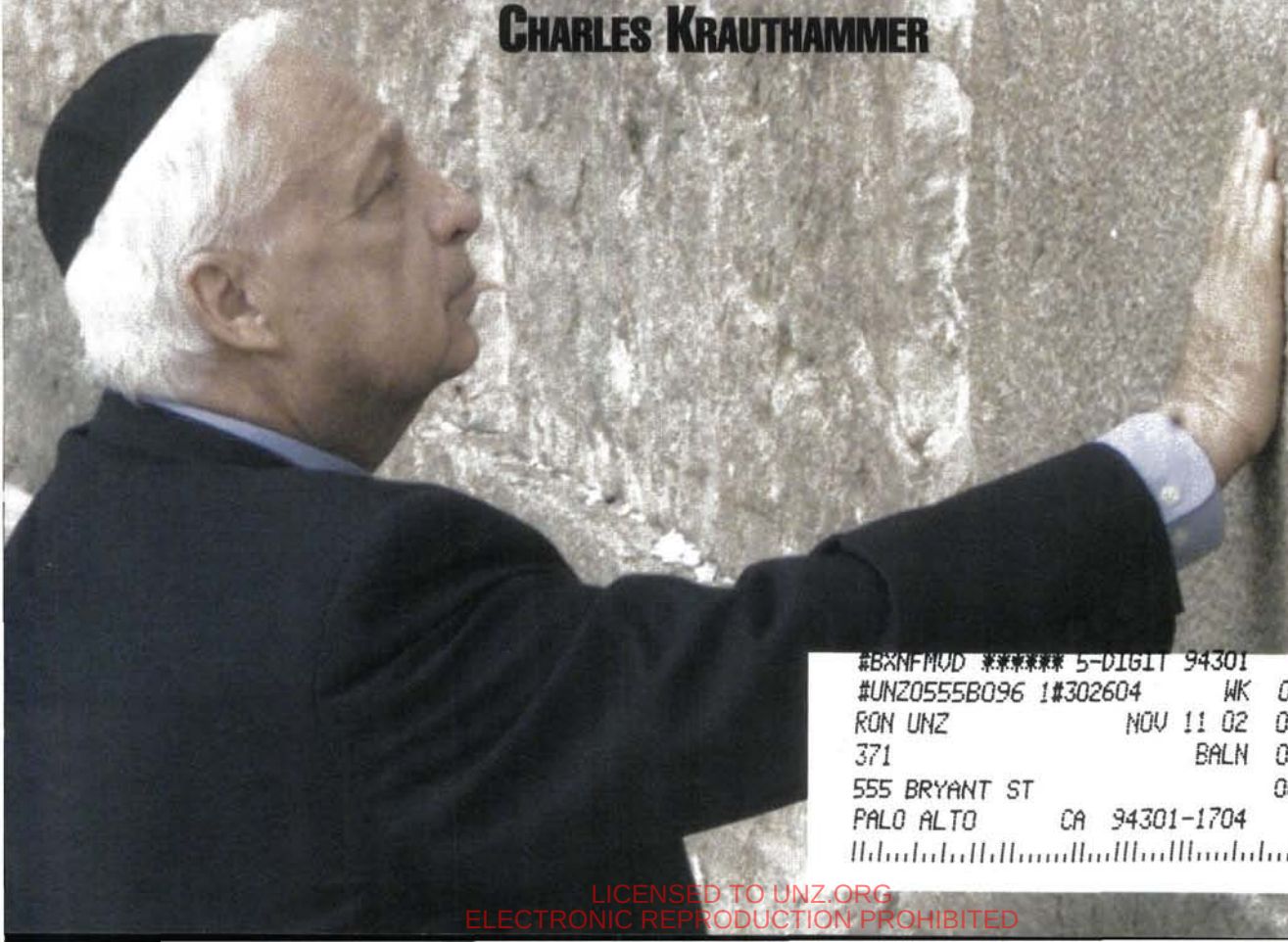
FEBRUARY 19, 2001 $3.95

NO DEFENSE? ROBERT KAGAN & WILLIAM KRISTOL

THE NEW MIDDLE EAST

The Return of Ariel Sharon

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER



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Imagine General Douglas MacArthur, come back to life in, say, 1980, defeating Ronald Reagan for the Republican nomination and going on to become president, crushing President Jimmy Carter more resoundingly than either George McGovern or Barry Goldwater had been beaten. Well, the equally improbable has just happened in Israel, minus the resurrection.

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the weekly Standard

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

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Hide Your Daughters

What with all the attention given to Bill Clinton's midnight pardon of fugitive financier Marc Rich, it's gone nearly unmentioned that Clinton simultaneously set free one Melvin J. Reynolds of Chicago, Illinois—for "humanitarian" reasons, according to various (and oddly anonymous) defenders of the move.

Reynolds, you may or may not recall, is the former congressman convicted in 1997 on multiple federal charges of bank fraud, wire fraud, false statements to the Federal Election Commission, threatening a witness, perjury, and obstruction of justice. Must have been the perjury and obstruction parts that tugged at Clinton's heartstrings. Or maybe it was a secret handshake thing between two former Rhodes scholars. Or maybe it was the fact that Reynolds has never publicly repented or even acknowledged his crimes, preferring instead to blame his prison sentence on (racist) persecution by federal investigators.

Or maybe it was . . . well, that other business. In 1995, an obstinately defiant Reynolds was sentenced to an Illinois state prison term for solicitation of child pornography, criminal sexual assault, aggravated criminal sexual abuse, and obstruction of justice. The sex charges involved Reynolds's affair with a 16-year-old campaign volunteer—and a tape-recorded phone conversation in which the congressman, believing that he'd arranged an encounter with a 15-year-old Catholic high school student, uttered the immortal words: "Did I win the Lotto?!?"

Last week, as is required of such creatures by Illinois state law, Melvin J. Reynolds reported to the Chicago Police Department and submitted a photo ID. As a service to its readers in that fair city, THE SCRAPBOOK reproduces the resulting entry on the Police Department's website database of "registered sex offenders." ♦

Chicago Police Department Registered Sex Offender Profile

Generated on 2/8/01 at 4:32:03 PM

LAST:	REYNOLDS	FIRST:	MELVIN	MIDDLE:	J
ADDRESS:	15XX	DIR:	W	STREET:	MONROE ST
SEX:	MALE	RACE:	BLACK	BIRTH DATE:	1/8/52
HEIGHT:	604	WEIGHT:	220	BEAT:	1211

The Game of the Name

THE SCRAPBOOK advises that its readers change whatever plans they've made for the upcoming "Presidents' Day" holiday. There being no such holiday, in fact.

There is, instead, the "Monday Holidays Act of 1968," by which Congress rescheduled observance of several date-certain anniversaries—so as to transform them into three-day weekends wholly divorced from their original, commemorative purposes. And there is, too, an old (and non-binding) 1971 proclamation by then-President Richard Nixon encouraging us, on the thus-defiled George Washington's birthday holiday, to honor all past presidents as a group, not just the first one.

Honor Richard Nixon? Or that other fellow who's just retired? Nosiree, says THE SCRAPBOOK; they don't deserve it. The darn thing is still, technically at least, "George Washington's Birthday." And if representatives Roscoe Bartlett (R-MD) and Tom Tancredo (R-CO) get their way, Congress will soon enact legislation requiring that federal agencies refer to it that way, and that way only. We're for it.

We're also for repealing the 1968 law and moving George Washington's Birthday back to his actual birthday, February 22, whether or not it falls on a Monday. This would result, most years, in one fewer three-day weekend. But it would better honor the father of our country. And it would probably prevent your local mattress discounter from airing those horrifying commercials with the talking dollar bill. ♦

What Do You Get If You Win?

On February 3, a Penn State University student group called Womyn's Concerns—in conjunction with that school's Women's Studies Pro-

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gram—held its second annual "Sex Faire." Wouldn't you know, THE SCRAPBOOK had to study for a spelling test and couldn't go. But news reports have it that the Faire involved all the usual carnival amusements: "orgasm bingo," for example, and a "pin the clitoris on the vulva" contest.

Wonder what that looked like? If so, you should make plans to attend hearings of the Pennsylvania assembly's committee on appropriations later this year. State representative John Lawless, a member of that committee, attended the Sex Faire with a camera crew, the better to document its educational purpose. We're quite sure the resulting footage will come in handy when Penn State administrators next beseech Harrisburg—in the name of academic standards—for a substantial funding increase.

Incidentally, the Sex Faire's proposed "Tent of Consent," a hut where Penn State womyn would have been allowed two-minutes each of politically-correct petting, was cancelled by school officials. Unlike "orgasm bingo"—or Womyn's Concerns' November 2000 "C-ntfest" arts show—the "Tent of Consent" just seemed too . . . well, you know, outrageous.

Who says conservatism is dead on campus? ♦

The Alan Greenspan of Grade Inflation

We're sorry to report that the longest running one-man war against declining academic standards has ended in a cease-fire, as distinguished scholar and occasional contributor to this magazine Harvey Mansfield told his Harvard students on February 1 that he would henceforth give them two grades. One of these would be a high grade for the official transcript. The unofficial one would be the mark he thinks they deserve. "I'm tired of punishing my students," Mansfield, a famously tough grader, told the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. Half of Harvard students receive grades of A- or above, which the university maintains is not grade inflation but a reflection of the growing splendor of its student body. ♦

Nominations Requested

Applications are invited for the third annual Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Journalism. The award is named for long-time *New York Post* editor and columnist (and WEEKLY STANDARD contributor) Eric Breindel, who died unexpectedly in 1998 at the age of 42. It is presented each year to the columnist, editorialist, or reporter whose work best reflects the spirit of Breindel's too-short career: love of country, concern for the preservation and integrity of democratic institutions, and resistance to the evils of totalitarianism. Last year's winner was columnist Tom Flannery of the Scranton, Pa., *Carbondale News*. The awardee in 1999 was columnist Jeff Jacoby of the *Boston Globe*. For an application and further information about this year's award, which once again includes a grant of $10,000, please contact Sheila Malecki of the Eric Breindel Memorial Foundation at (212) 930-8692. ♦

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Casual

Junket Science

Last week, I was on assignment in Berlin, courtesy of the German Marshall Fund of the United States. I'd agreed to write a piece on Berlin ten years after the fall of communism, a serious investigation into the identity crisis Berliners are suffering as they enter the 21st century.

Oddly enough, my friends and colleagues all had the same reaction to this important project: "How come *you* get to go on all the good junkets?" I explained to them that this was not a junket. I was being sent to Berlin to meet with politicians, businessmen, and members of the media. But no one was buying it. Said a colleague, "Someone pays for you to go there? They expect an article? It's a junket."

I took refuge in *Webster's* definition of a junket as "a trip made by an official at public expense." It's true, the German Marshall Fund was "a gift from the German people," but I was no official. Besides, I was spending only a brisk five days in Berlin, working hard, with meetings practically around the clock.

Of course, I needed a place to stay. I'm not one to insist on five star hotels that offer every conceivable amenity, but when I found an exceptionally reasonable rate at the Hotel Adlon—a five star hotel that offers every conceivable amenity—I saw no reason to look further.

The Adlon is a storied establishment, dating back to Wilhelmine times. It's where monarchs and presidents stayed, including Teddy Roosevelt, who ordered antelope steak. Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Josephine Baker were guests there, too. It burned down after World War II, when Russian troops were in residence. (Some say the Red Army accidentally started the fire while getting sloshed in the wine cellar.)

But in 1997, the Adlon rose again on the original spot, Pariser Platz, across from the Brandenburg Gate. Investors plunked down $250 million for lavish interiors of stucco, marble, and fine wood. Ever since, the hotel has been striving to become the Waldorf-Astoria of Berlin, wooing foreign visitors and angling for good press.

It was only natural, then, that I should make sure the hotel's communications director knew I was an American journalist writing about Berlin. And how could I be anything but pleased by her offer of an upgrade?

Darren Gygi

When I arrived, the bellhop actually announced me to the front desk. In the rear, I could hear someone whisper, "*Das ist Herr Matus! Das ist Herr Matus!*" The front office manager sprang to his feet, walked around, and vigorously shook my hand. While he was welcoming me warmly to Berlin, I noticed employees appearing out of nowhere, standing at attention and smiling from ear to ear. When it emerged that my upgraded junior suite was not yet ready, the manager asked whether the executive suite would be to my satisfaction.

This comfortable apartment turned out to overlook the corner of Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden, a bit like West 57th and 5th Avenue (except that Wilhelmstrasse was once the Pennsylvania Avenue of the Third Reich). On walking in, I found myself in a sleek wood-paneled foyer with an inlaid floor. One door led to a green and black marble bathroom; two sinks were flanked by amenities from Bvlgari (yes, the brand too pretentious to use a "u"); the bathtub was a whirlpool.

Two other doors led to a cream-colored living room and a walk-through closet opening into the bedroom. A housekeeper's closet was filled with a week's supply of towels and toiletries so guests would rarely be offended by the sight of a cleaning cart in the hallway. After a waiter came in with fresh fruit and champagne, I started to feel twinges of guilt at what seemed to be turning into one of those junkets.

The next morning, I had a complimentary breakfast with the communications director. Afterward, she gave me a tour of the hotel, including the posh presidential suite, which made my executive suite look lame. Steven Spielberg once stayed here with his architect in tow—he wanted his yacht done in similar fashion. The suite had bulletproof glass, a fireplace, two widescreen televisions, kitchen, and separate quarters for your butler (or bodyguard).

All this luxury was making me nervous. There was nothing for it but to get on with the work I'd come to Berlin to do. I headed back to my suite to study my complicated schedule. Through hours on the phone, I'd set up a dense series of interviews, nearly back to back. There were a few gaps, of course, a few hours here and there that I would put to good use.

Looking over my commitments for that first day, I realized that one such opening loomed before my 11 A.M. appointment with a member of parliament—just enough time, in fact, for a visit to the hotel spa. Did I mention the Adlon has a first-class Finnish sauna?

Victorino Matus

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The Rich Connection

James Higgins's piece on Marc Rich ("The Unpardonable Pardon," Feb. 5) is incisive and well researched. One facet of the case it fails to mention is that the young assistant U.S. attorney largely responsible for gathering the evidence leading to the Rich conviction—including a dramatic late-night seizure of an airplane on the runway at JFK from which thousands of pages of incriminating documents about to depart for the privacy of Switzerland were seized—was Rudy Giuliani. It was the momentum from that case that served as a springboard for Giuliani's political career. Of course, Giuliani later became Hillary Clinton's adversary in her senatorial bid. There is thus an element of "rubbing Rudy's face in it" in the Rich pardon, a Clintonesque "flip of the bird" to a political rival who dared stand in the way of the Clinton machine.

Craig Kepler
Minneapolis, MN

Rethinking AmeriCorps

Leslie Lenkowsky's call for the Bush administration to "broaden the mission of AmeriCorps" pushes, regrettably, on an open door ("AmeriCorps the Beautiful," Jan. 22). After all, the president's ill-considered faith-based initiative is pretty much AmeriCorps writ large. The New Democrat in George W. Bush exhibits a wide-eyed acceptance of Bill Clinton's assessment that AmeriCorps is proof that if we "hold hands and believe we're going into the future together, we can change anything we want to change."

It's a shame that at a time when the U.S. Supreme Court seems to be moving in the direction of federalism and a newfound respect for the Enumerated Powers Doctrine, certain segments of conservatism seem to think that the federal government can do just about anything, as long as conservatives are in charge. More federal oversight of public education? Sure, why not? White House Office of Marriage Initiatives? What's the federal government for if not a little marriage counseling? Federal funding of local charities, including religious organizations? No problem—we conservatives can do it with "compassion," with none of the perverse incentives, attached strings, and hamfisted bureaucracy that are the hallmark of liberals when they set out to do good.

What breathtaking naiveté! Forget that AmeriCorps is blatantly unconstitutional. It is a case study in improper advocacy, fraud, and political patronage. Programs like AmeriCorps rarely work at the state and local level. At the federal level, they're an expensive joke.

Jefferson once wrote that "the natural progress of things is for government to gain ground and for liberty to yield." But the idea of limited government seems to be of little consequence to Lenkowsky and his fellow neoconservatives. Their

burgeoning alliance with so-called communitarians like Don Eberly and Amitai Etzioni and New Democrats like David Osborne and George W. Bush should be cause for concern for all Americans who care about their heritage of individual liberty.

Edward H. Crane
Washington, DC

Jesse's New Groove

In his otherwise brilliant piece "Jesse Jackson Returns!" (Feb. 5) Matt Labash repeats a mistake made by many journalists today in calling Jackson a "reverend." This word is an adjective; it is not a noun-title, like captain or president or judge. It is just as wrong to say "Good morning, Reverend" to a clergyman as it would be to say "Good morning, Honorable" to the mayor.

Allen A. Taylor
Atlanta, GA

Matt Labash's superb article left me disappointed, puzzled, and angry. Labash skewers Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and others for their cant, corruption, and hypocrisy. But buried in his brilliant exposé is the revelation that Jackson received a reassuring phone call from George W. Bush. What gives? What is Bush doing in the company of Clinton and Gore, who also made reassuring, sympathetic phone calls? What about the emphasis on the restoration of character and integrity, about personal accountability, family values? My cynicism just gets deeper.

Paul Faler
Wakefield, MA

One Peeved Puppetista

I don't care whether Matt Labash is right-wing, left-wing, or no-wing, but his portrayal of the Justice Action Movement ("The Inaugural Invaders," Jan. 29) is so pathetically outdated, sloppy, and clichéd, that it seems as though he had hired somebody's red-baiting grandfather to write it. His article includes very little substance, makes fun of issues raised by activists as well as leaders of faith, labor, and environmental communities, and serves as a character assassination of people Labash apparently decided were too young and idealistic to be taken seriously.

As someone who served as a spokesman for JAM, and who knows most of the people crassly insulted in Labash's article, I have concluded that the author isn't really a journalist. I noticed that on the night Labash came to Adam Eidinger's apartment to take a stilt-walking jaunt with a group of activists, he seemed to scribble into his notepad during moments of idle chitchat but kept his pen still when anyone brought up political issues. He also seems to harbor ill will toward intelligent females, mockingly referring to Bork, a mother and self-confident woman, as

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The Cat's Meow

In response to our January 22 Parody—in which Socks, the Clintons' cat, proposed a tell-all book on his White House years—reader Kathleen Willey wrote this letter to America's onetime first pet, who now lives with former Clinton assistant Betty Currie in Arlington, Va.

Dear Socks,

You may not remember me, but I certainly remember you. I enjoyed the pleasure of your company many times in the White House; in fact, I have a picture of the two of us together during my short stint in the Social Office in the East Wing (see right). I saw you many times both in and outside of the White House, but the day I most remember was November 29, 1993. I was in the middle of a terrible crisis at home, and I went to see your master for help. You were sitting on Betty Currie's desk, right outside of the president's office, tethered to that long, long red leash that became a necessary part of your everyday life at the White House. Betty was saying sweet nothings to you—you know, those little words that all felines like to hear—and she was going on and on about what a warm, loving cat you were. It was obvious how much she cared for you.

I've often wondered what would have happened had you followed me into that inner sanctum that day. You certainly would have been shocked by your master's pitiful behavior. So now you have been banished from public life by the Clintons, and I know how disappointed you must be—used and abused, of no further use. Join the club. You are now a member of an illustrious group of alumnae (at least we like to think so). So many of us. We worked long and hard to get our guy elected. We gave our time and money gladly, because it was always for the public good. We were right. They were wrong. And what do we have to show for our devotion? Public humiliation. Trashing from the highest levels. False accusations.

I see you are now out there hawking "the big book deal." Funny thing about that. It reminded me of the first attack against me from those hallowed halls. "She's just looking for a quick buck," they said. "She's broke. She needs money. She's desperate." Isn't it interesting that your old mistress just did such a deal. Eight million dollars! Well, good luck to you. You are going to need it.

Socks, I know how much this rejection must hurt, but face it. You were just another prop. I never saw affection come your way from anyone named Clinton. Once I saw you on the president's shoulder, "allergies" and all, but that was only for a photo-op. When the shutters had stopped, you were history.

Kathleen Willey and Socks, fall 1993

Don't lose sleep over this, but you got one very disturbing detail wrong in your book proposal. It was not my dog who was done in by the Clintons before my deposition in Paula's case. It was my *cat*! One of the Clintons' sleazy private dicks told me so. So please, please be careful. This is your life we're talking about.

It's true you've now been cast aside, but, someday very soon you will realize what a favor that is. You are now with a kind and caring lady who loves you very much. No more 30-foot leash, no more photo-ops, no more dodging flying lamps and figurines, no more "Buddy." (Who does he think he is anyway?)

You have served your country well. I wish for you long days lying in the sun, many successful critter hunts, and a long and happy future with a very nice owner. She was the one who truly loved you all along. You're a lucky guy! Say hello to Betty for me.

With love and affection,
Kathleen Willey

"Sister Comrade Bork" and Partnership for Civil Justice attorney Mara Verheyden-Hilliard as a "sourpuss." I used to be a journalist. But I quit reporting when I realized the field was overpopulated with the likes of Labash.

Lauri Apple
Washington, DC

Last Man Standing

In his criticism of the politically correct statue of Franklin Roosevelt ("The New, Improved FDR," Jan. 29), Woody West overlooks an even greater injustice to the great man—the existence of the memorial itself. Roosevelt left clear written instructions that no memorials should be erected in his name in Washington, D.C. Every administration since FDR's death has honored that request. Bill Clinton did not. The new, unflattering statue only adds insult to the original injury.

Clay Warnick
Warsaw, KY

The End of a Taboo, II

Is Mary Eberstadt laboring under some irresistible impulse to mischaracterize the work of other writers? In her response to letters critiquing her attack on pedophilia ("The End of a Taboo," Jan. 29), she mentions my article in the October 20, 2000, issue of the *American Prospect* (*www.prospect.org*) as a classic example of the allegedly permissive treatment of homosexual pedophilia, wondering rhetorically if the magazine would have allowed me to "weigh the pros and cons of men having sex with little girls." The question is utterly irrelevant since my column did not weigh the pros and cons of men having sex with little boys. (Although I did note that I found the concept of consensual, mutually beneficial sex between adults and minors absurd.) My column was not a defense or even an evaluation of sexual relationships between children and adults; it was a defense of the right to speak about such relationships, a right that Mary Eberstadt should appreciate.

Wendy Kaminer
Cambridge, MA

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the weekly Standard

No Defense?

This week has been dubbed "national security week" by the White House, as President Bush visits military installations in three states. When the events were planned, Bush's team no doubt expected a big welcome from the men and women of the armed forces and their families, who had voted overwhelmingly to make Bush our new commander in chief. Bush will undoubtedly get a warm reception from soldiers happy the Clinton era is over. But beneath the surface there will be an air of polite puzzlement, and even distress, as the military wonders how a candidate who had promised that "help is on the way" can have turned into a president willing to stick with Bill Clinton's defense budget.

We're puzzled, too. The defense budget debacle of the past two weeks began when White House spokesman Ari Fleischer proudly announced there would be no new money for the military this year—leaving us almost as shocked as secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld, who was kept in the dark about the decision right up to the last minute. With Dick Cheney in the White House, Colin Powell at the State Department, Rumsfeld at the Pentagon, and a powerful team of defense experts advising Bush for more than two years, it is inconceivable that the new administration really needed a long time to get up to speed on the dire situation facing the U.S. military after eight years of neglect by the Clinton administration. In speech after speech on the campaign trail, Bush and Cheney had sounded the alarm about declining military strength, planes that could not fly, army divisions operating well below acceptable levels of readiness, severe shortages of spare parts, low troop morale, and a defense budget lower as a percentage of GNP than at any time since before Pearl Harbor.

Some suggest that those money-hungry Joint Chiefs can't be trusted and may be cooking the books. We don't share this view.

So it was not unreasonable to expect that when the Bush team took over, they would move immediately to start repairing the damage. Sure, they couldn't solve the whole defense budget problem with one massive increase. And, yes, they would want to carry out a thorough strategic review to help them make difficult decisions on major new weapons programs. But this should not have prevented—it still should not prevent—the Bush administration from sending up an emergency defense appropriations supplemental for this year, adding the $10 billion or so that the Joint Chiefs of Staff say they need to hold the forces together in the near term. And the administration could have moved quickly enough—it still could—to put some money in the Fiscal Year 2002 budget, due at the end of this month, to begin addressing other important needs, including research and development for missile defense.

After all, on the stump, Bush had promised to increase the R&D budget by $20 billion, beginning not next year but with this year's budget. Rumsfeld and his Pentagon team were, in fact, hard at work drafting a supplemental and preparing for the FY 2002 budget until the word came down from the White House: No new defense money this year.

The administration's explanations for its decision to stiff the military have ranged from the silly to the offensive. In the ridiculous category is the notion that Bush could not ask for more defense money until Rumsfeld completed a top-to-bottom review of American national security strategy. This explanation has been swallowed whole by the Washington press corps, which hasn't bothered to ask why, if this was the reason, no one bothered to tell the secretary of defense. The press also hasn't bothered to ask what Bush's very knowledgeable team of advisers were doing the past eighteen months. In any case, we are skeptical that any review is likely to provide new answers to old, nagging questions.

There is, after all, no escaping the reality that American interests in Europe, Asia, the Middle East, and elsewhere require us to be able to project force to deter and defeat aggression. And there is also no escaping the fact that, as Dick Cheney said repeatedly on the stump, our military is less and less capable of doing so. But even if a Rumsfeld review magically discovered a different set of facts, the current crisis in military readiness would still be there and would still require immediate infusions of money. As John Warner, John McCain, and other senators pointed out in a letter to the president last week, whatever plans the Bush team may have for the future, it is essential that we "fix the force that is currently in place. That force could be called on to act at any time and it must be ready."

The more distasteful rationale given by Fleischer and

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other officials, also lapped up by Pentagon reporters, is that the military needs a spanking from its new civilian bosses. We don't want to "throw money" at the military, Fleischer says, suggesting that those money-hungry Joint Chiefs can't be trusted and may somehow be cooking the books to justify a budget increase. This contempt for the military chiefs is very popular among defense intellectuals, who believe that the best way to reform the military is to starve it. We don't share this view. Even to restructure the force requires money. To take advantage of the so-called revolution in military affairs requires money. To keep the force strong enough to deter aggression for the next decade, before the effects of any transformation are felt, requires money.

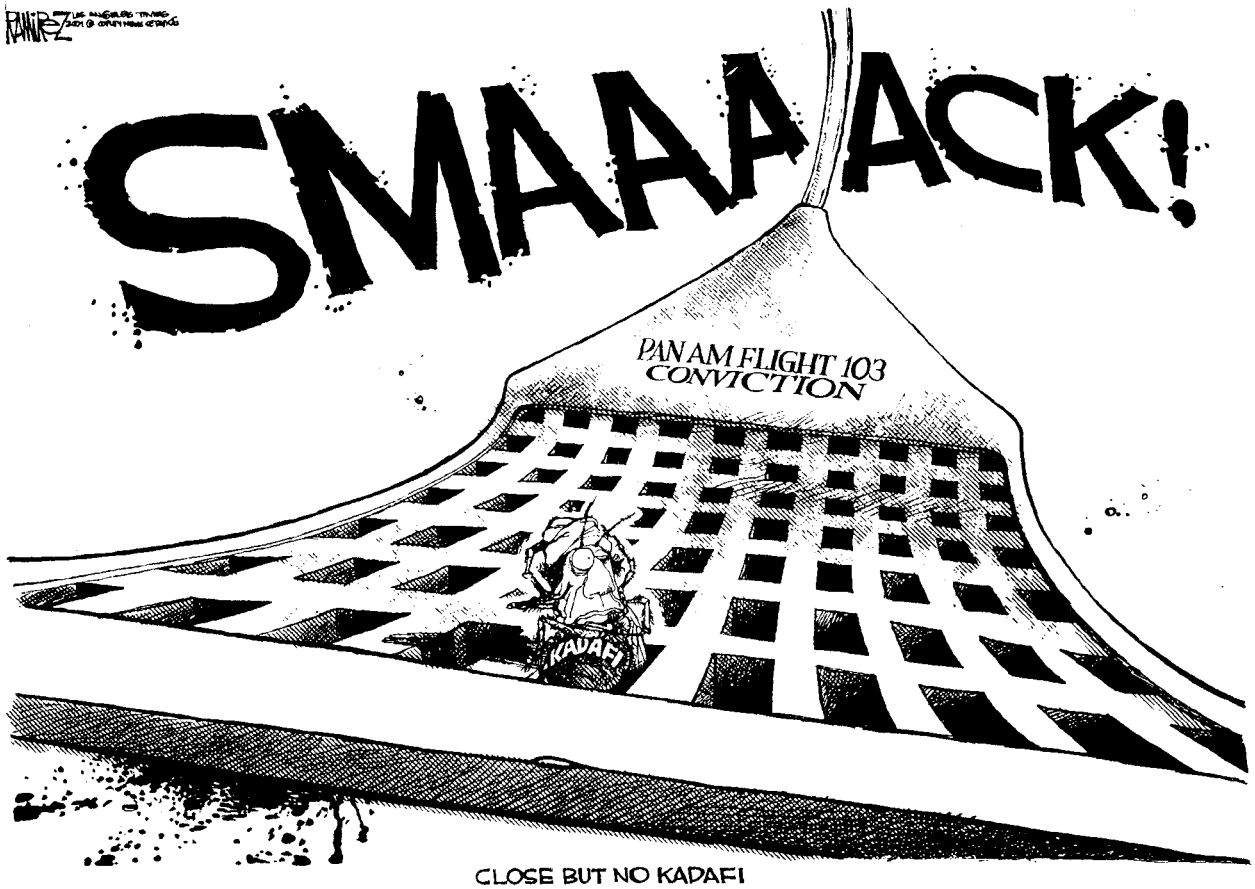
We don't believe the chiefs are lying about their need for more resources. If anything, they have been too timid for the past eight years. Only near the end of the Clinton administration, when the defense budget crisis began to emerge full blown, did they dare raise their heads and start complaining about the irresponsible way Clinton was weakening the force. Now that the chiefs have summoned the courage to speak out, some in the Bush White House ridicule their requests.

There is still time to undo some of the damage, and late reports suggest the administration may be moving to do this. Rumsfeld has named Andy Marshall to conduct the administration's strategic review. That's a good choice. Marshall, who has been thinking about American strategy seriously for more than four decades, doesn't need months of extensive study to come to the obvious conclusions, and we understand that Rumsfeld wants the review completed in a matter of weeks.

In the meantime President Bush should follow the "two-track" course recommended by senators Warner and McCain. First, he should immediately send forward an emergency defense supplemental to secure the money the Pentagon needs right now. Then he should submit an amendment to the FY 2002 budget with a significant defense increase as soon as possible—certainly within a couple of months. Then Bush can follow up with the "significant increases" Warner and his colleagues correctly call for in the FY 2003 budget.

This past week Bush administration officials have been scrambling to reassure everyone that they are serious about defense. Trust us, they say: After the tax cut is passed, we'll fight the good fight for the defense budget. Maybe so. Perhaps raising the defense budget is not easy when you're trying to pass a tax cut. But it's not going to get easier after the administration has won its tax cut and is heading into mid-term elections. Getting the necessary money to the military will require President Bush to spend some political capital. He's got a lot right now. There's no excuse for not spending it on his first obligation as president, to provide adequately and safely for the common defense.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol



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Surprise, Surprise, He Meant It

Unchanged since its 1999 conception, the Bush tax cut makes its debut. BY FRED BARNES

GEORGE W. BUSH drafted his $1.6 trillion tax cut, with help from Larry Lindsey and a band of conservative economists, in the summer of 1999 and unveiled it later that year. During 2000, the proposal was zinged in the Republican presidential primaries by senator John McCain, then trashed in the general election by Al Gore. Bush never wavered, stubbornly sticking with every element of his plan, including a 17 percent reduction in the top rate on individual income. Now we see the result. His tenacity has been rewarded: The Bush tax cut is popular.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

This trend in Bush's direction doesn't mean we have another Ronald Reagan in the White House. But it does suggest three things about Bush as a national leader. The first is that the conservative side of his compassionate conservatism is more appealing than the media or even some of his aides let on. Second, he does have a Reagan-like determination to stick with an unpopular idea for months until it begins to generate public approval. And third, he has benefited from a presidential effect. Bush is viewed far more favorably by the public as president (62 percent approval in the Fox Dynamics Poll) than he was as a candidate, and his agenda, including the tax cut, has picked up support as well.

Okay, the Bush tax cut isn't wildly popular. Pollster John Zogby points out its backing has risen only from "a high plurality to a low majority." Last September, a Gallup poll found the public preferred Gore's tax cut—whatever it was—to Bush's by 45 percent to 37 percent.

Zogby gave Bush a slight edge on taxes then, but by mid-January, approval of the Bush proposal had jumped to 53 percent, with 34 percent opposed. The Fox poll after 20 days of the Bush presidency came up with roughly the same finding: The tax cut was favored by 54 percent to 29 percent. If those numbers hold,

AP/Wide World Photos

Bush with tax families outside the White House, February 7

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the Bush tax cut or something similar is bound to pass Congress.

The popularity of the tax cut confirms that, as a pure political matter, Bush was wise to follow his ideological instincts. From the beginning, his complaint was that "the federal government is overcharging people," Karen Hughes, Bush's White House counselor, says. According to Lindsey, Bush "believes it's the people's money. That's pretty basic."

To Bush, a federal tax bite at its highest point in a half-century is simply unfair. And from the 1999 discussions, Bush came up with a principle of taxation that he now routinely mentions in speeches: No one should pay more than one-third of their income in federal taxes. Thus, his cut lowers the top rate from 39.6 percent to 33 percent. The one-third principle puts Bush close to what the public thinks about taxation—closer than Democrats, anyway. Their notion of "targeted tax cuts" has fallen into disfavor. A poll for congressional Democratic leaders in January discovered the public views these cuts as ones they won't get.

Bush's persistence in sticking with his tax cut is, well, surprising, though Bush aides insist no one should have been shocked that the proposal he sent to Congress on February 8 was the same exact one he announced 14 months ago. "He never considered giving it up or even altering it," says Lindsey. Twice, however, he was under strong pressure to do so. The first episode came after McCain humiliated Bush in the New Hampshire primary. McCain claimed Bush would devote too much of the surplus to tax cuts and not enough to debt relief. But when Bush vanquished McCain in South Carolina and later on Super Tuesday, the pressure subsided. Then Gore created a new pressure point by relentlessly assailing Bush for giving most of his tax cut to the "top one percent." Bush never flinched.

What did change, however, was the way Bush promotes the tax cut. Initially he paid little attention to its potential economic effects, except to call it an "insurance policy against an economic downturn." Now, he stresses the economic impact. Many Americans "are beginning to actually feel what it means to be in an economic downturn," Bush said in transmitting his tax bill to Congress last week. "A warning light is flashing on the dashboard of our economy. And we just can't drive on and hope for the best. We must act without delay." This argument, says Zogby, has helped build support, changing the broad public attitude about the tax cut from "Why?" to "Why not?"

Another adjustment in the tax message has also helped—tax families. When Gore was pounding Bush on taxes last summer, Hughes came up with an answer. Bush would appear with low- and middle-income families, explain how much of a cut they'd get, and rebut Gore's charge that his plan was chiefly "a tax cut for the rich." Hughes suggested the idea to Karl Rove, Bush's chief strategist, who liked it. So first in an appearance in Georgia and then everywhere he campaigned, Bush put families on stage with him.

Bush liked the ploy so much he recruited four new families to join him in the Diplomatic Room of the White House when he formally announced his tax proposal on February 5. Each represented a tax bracket. Bush said he, with his $400,000 a year presidential salary, represents the top bracket. Two days later, Bush held a reunion of 21 tax families from the campaign as part of his week-long drive to promote his tax cut.

All this might have seemed hokey if Bush had still been a candidate. Actually, it was a bit hokey even in the White House. But there was a difference. Before, meeting with tax families was a gimmick to win an election. Now, tax families are soldiers in a presidential drive to reduce taxes and spur the economy. Same families, same George W. Bush, but a higher purpose and a glow of significance. That's how the presidential effect works. And for Bush, it's working quite well indeed. ♦

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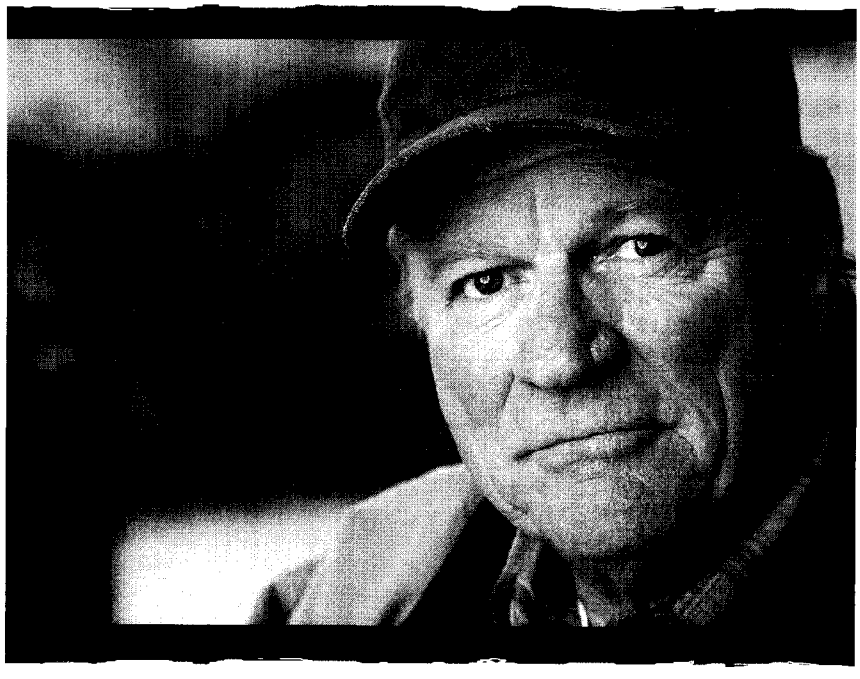

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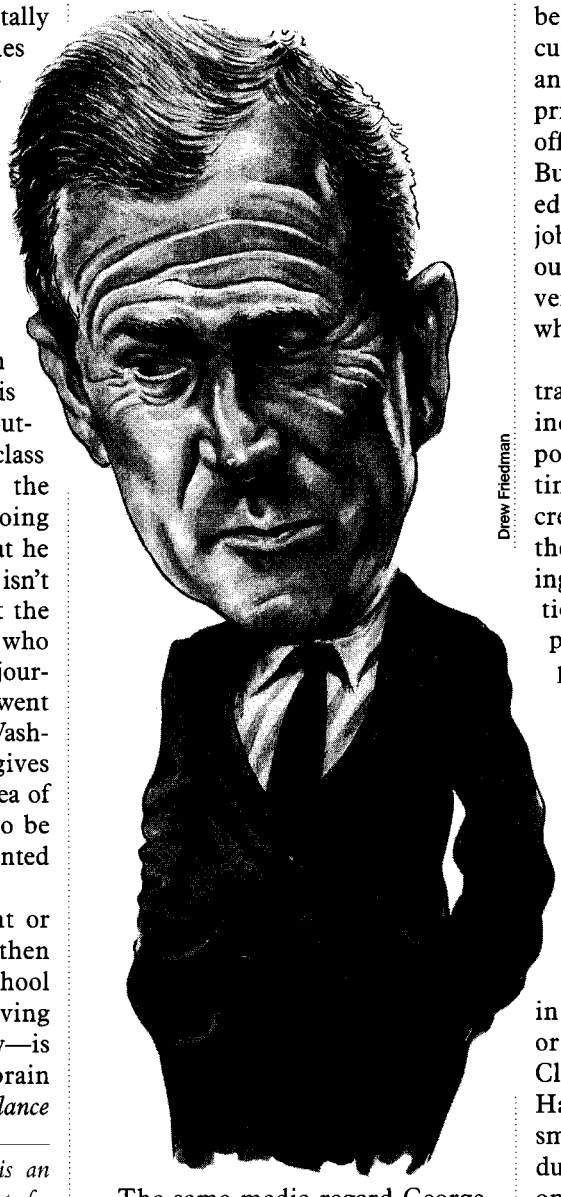
What Bush Learned at Harvard

His background as an MBA is serving him well and confounding the media. BY JAMES HIGGINS

ONE COULD BE FORGIVEN for thinking that the journalists covering the opening days of the George W. Bush administration had just walked out of *Being There*, in which Peter Sellers plays a mentally limited gardener who stumbles from homelessness to a presidential nomination. Phrases like "don't know what to make of him," "charm offensive," and "surprisingly strong start" have dominated coverage of the new chief executive. Mystified journalists do not understand what they are watching.

No one who has paid attention to Bush should be surprised by his skillful start. But the parochial outlook of the Washington media class prevents it from appreciating the things the new president is doing well, or even from realizing what he is doing. That parochial outlook isn't liberalism. The problem is that the media are dominated by people who went to graduate schools of law, journalism, and liberal arts, or who went directly from college to jobs in Washington and never left. This gives journalists a one-dimensional idea of what constitutes intelligence: to be "intelligent" is to be a detail-oriented policy wonk.

Hence Al Gore—a C student or worse in college who quit and then flunked most of his divinity school courses at Vanderbilt before giving up on graduate study entirely—is thought to be a formidable brain because he wrote *Earth in the Balance* and will talk at length about policy minutiae. But Gore wasn't making a bid for tenure last year. He was running for president.



Drew Friedman

The same media regard George W. Bush with what could politely be termed condescension. Descriptions of Bush dwell on his days as an Andover cheerleader and as a Yale frat boy. Yet Bush's presidency to date bears most strongly the imprint of the part of his education often treated as a sideshow: the MBA he earned at Harvard in 1975.

Harvard Business School (which is my *alma mater*, too) tries to teach the skills essential to succeeding as a senior manager in a large organization. But the Washington commentariat views these skills as little more than idiosyncrasies—when it notices them at all.

The president meets with members of the Congressional Black Caucus or visits the retreat of the House and Senate Democrats? The surprised media dismiss it as a "charm offensive," sure to come to nothing. But ask a manager who has succeeded at winning an organization's top job, and you will find that reaching out to the defeated faction is a basic, very unsurprising step for a CEO who wants to accomplish his goals.

Harvard Business School tries to train future executives for American industry, not numbers crunchers or policy analysts. Students do spend time learning to tell debits from credits and stocks from bonds. But they spend far more time on learning how actually to get an organization to accomplish what it is supposed to accomplish. That approach encourages the manager to put enormous emphasis on human resource management, starting with finding the right people and placing them in the right jobs. And that is just what Bush has gotten his highest marks to date for, even if a grudging press corps can't quite understand how he earned them.

Showing off one's intellect, either in the pedantic manner of Al Gore or the charming manner of Bill Clinton, is in the worldview of the Harvard MBA not considered very smart. In fact, it's considered pretty dumb because it is so likely to grate on subordinates who were never at the top of their classes but whose cooperation is essential to getting

James Higgins, a Harvard MBA, is an adjunct fellow at the Claremont Institute for the Study of Statesmanship and Political Philosophy.

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the organization to run well. The strong manager has to communicate to those around him that he is on top of the job without being a show-off. That is not an easy balancing act. The scarcity of people who can do it is a big part of why managers like General Electric CEO Jack Welch become such highly valued superstars in the business world.

David Gergen, in a recent appearance on *Nightline*, expressed awe that Bill Clinton could, unassisted, recite the names of nearly a dozen health ministers in Africa and the role each played in his administration's policy on AIDS. Gergen, who in his recent memoir placed Clinton on an intellectual par with Churchill, spoke of this memorization as an example of supreme mastery of the job.

A CEO who clings to that kind of information at that level of detail would baffle and worry his board of directors: Does this man not know how to use his time? Has he failed to fill the job of the middle manager who *should* be the person to know such details? A journalist trained as a lawyer or a Ph.D. sees Clinton's feat as a tour de force because it involves policy. A senior executive trained at Harvard Business School considers the CEO who knows such things eccentric at best and probably neglecting other, larger parts of his job. It is almost as absurd as Jimmy Carter editing the minutes of cabinet meetings or controlling the schedule of the White House tennis court.

Memorizing a list of African health ministers may seem harmless, but there were other examples from the Clinton administration that were not harmless at all.

Bill Clinton began his administration by appointing as secretary of defense congressman Les Aspin, Ph.D. Clinton thus put in charge of the world's largest operational budget a man who had never run anything larger than the House Armed Services Committee staff. Cries of alarm from the media? Of course not.

Surprise! Aspin was in way over his head. Clinton had to bring in the experienced William Perry from the bullpen only a year later, and only after Aspin's handling of the U.S. mission to Somalia had led to the bodies of murdered U.S. servicemen being dragged through the streets of Mogadishu.

How might President Bush regard the idea of an appointment like that? Well, I wouldn't want to be the person in a meeting with George W. Bush and Dick Cheney suggesting that a man who had never managed more than a few dozen subordinates should be put in charge of a $250 billion operating budget, nearly two million personnel, the highest of high technology systems, and the nation's security. "Wouldn't be prudent" even to suggest such a thing, as a previous president might say.

Last year the *New York Times* sent a reporter to interview people who had worked for Bush when he was managing partner of the Texas Rangers. The result was an unintentionally funny article by a reporter plainly annoyed that everyone he could find who had worked for Bush there liked him and thought him a good boss. Of course, no media outlet attached any significance to this report of how Bush had done running a large, complex business.

For all of its undeniable merits, training in business management is hardly a guarantee of success in electoral politics and government. There are fundamental ways in which government is not like a business organization. So why does George W. Bush do so well at it? Bush is a rarity among MBAs in that he appreciates two intertwined disciplines that such managers seldom pay heed to.

The first is the language of political discourse. The typical MBA has no clue what tone and substance of public rhetoric might command support from voters. Such a manager can't speak this language and is scarcely aware of its existence because he or she never has to use it

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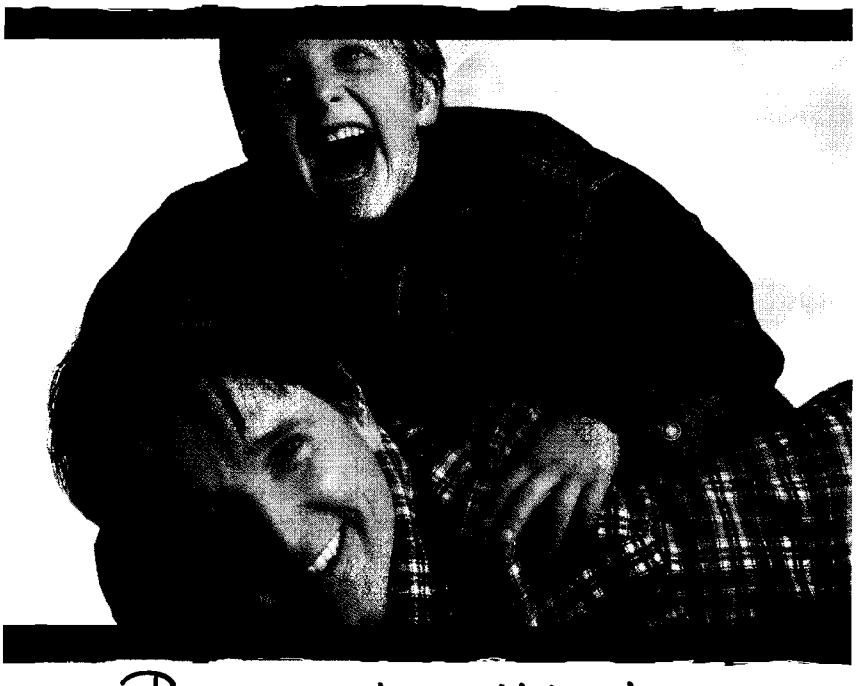

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or anything like it. This tone-deafness is the reason that business leaders often find themselves backing famous and powerful but hopeless presidential candidates (think Alexander Haig and John B. Connally).

Indeed, George W. Bush may have been unique in the modern era by becoming, while not in national office, the preferred candidate of both the business community and the primary and general electorates. Even Ronald Reagan was not the business community's leading choice for president before he started winning primaries in 1980.

The other discipline is history. Business management demands that one be forward-looking and active to stay ahead in the global marketplace. This leads to a skeptical attitude toward taking time to learn about the past. The curious result is summed up by the reported comment of a Nobel laureate that he receives many letters from businessmen offering their solutions to the world's economic problems, the common trait of which is ignorance of whether the idea has ever been tried.

George W. Bush has somehow overcome that peril of the manager's outlook, too. Not only has he chosen successful managers and leaders from previous Republican administrations, we now know that the entire start of his administration was carried out in the light of a systematic review of what had and hadn't worked for previous new administrations.

Professional Washingtonians' unfamiliarity with the discipline of management is no new thing. About to leave the White House in 1953, Harry Truman is famously reported to have said that Dwight Eisenhower would have a terrible time as president because it wouldn't be at all like the military; that Ike would "say 'Do this, Do that,' and nothing will happen." "Do this, do that" may have described Captain Truman's experiences in the trenches in World War I. But it didn't apprehend the nuanced management skills Ike had acquired as supreme allied commander. Eisenhower's success as president may have surprised Truman, but it was no surprise to those who understand the skills needed to organize balky allies like de Gaulle and Montgomery and to land 700,000 men on a hostile shore to recapture a continent.

It would be going too far to compare George W. Bush to Eisenhower. But, to take the example of the most recent Bush predecessor who came to office amid media ridicule, no one predicted of Ronald Reagan that he would turn out to be, well, Ronald Reagan. Maybe it's the media's intelligence we should be worrying about. ♦

The Myth of the "Feeding Frenzy"

The deficits of the 1980s can't be blamed on business tax cuts in 1981. BY BRUCE BARTLETT

ONE OF THE MOST ENDURING of Washington myths is that a "feeding frenzy" of tax cuts for business in 1981 was responsible for the deficits of the 1980s. This mythology is now being revived by those eager to derail, or at least shrink, a major tax cut this year.

The truth is that there was no feeding frenzy. The tax cut that was enacted in August 1981 closely resembled the tax cut put forward by Ronald Reagan during the campaign. Very little was added that had any substantial effect on revenues. And much of what business got in the 1981 tax bill was taken back in the 1982 tax bill and subsequent tax increases. There is, in short, no reason at all to blame ensuing deficits on out of control tax cutting in 1981.

The feeding frenzy argument appeared most prominently in lead articles in the *Wall Street Journal* and the *National Journal* in early February. Both featured corporate lobbyists who say that the business community is looking for big tax cuts in the upcoming tax bill. It is irrelevant to this argument that George W. Bush offered no such cuts in his proposal; a voracious business lobby will supposedly get its way in Congress. As *Wall Street Journal* reporters Jacob Schlesinger and John McKinnon put it, "The big fear among economists and fiscal disciplinarians is that, just as the 1981 tax act helped usher in an era of budget deficits, an ever-swelling 2001 cut could wipe out current surpluses."

Similarly, reporters John Maggs and Peter Stone of the *National Journal* say that Reagan's business depreciation proposal in 1981 "opened the floodgates for a torrent of other demands that became the bidding war." They go on to state, "By 1987, the business tax cuts passed in 1981 were costing the federal government more revenue than the personal income tax cuts, and together, the drain on the budget reached 5.5 percent of the entire U.S. gross domestic product."

All these statements are wrong. Let us look at the record. In its February 18, 1981, document "A Program for Economic Recovery," the Reagan administration put forward its tax plan. According to legend, its budget estimates were based on a "rosy scenario."

Bruce Bartlett is senior fellow with the National Center for Policy Analysis and a nationally syndicated columnist.

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In fact, the Reagan administration's revenue estimates were almost identical to those of the Congressional Budget Office, then under Democratic control with Alice Rivlin as its director. According to a March 1981 CBO document entitled "Economic Policy and the Outlook for the Economy," federal revenues under the Reagan tax cut were expected to rise (by CBO's estimate) from $599 billion in 1981 to $769 billion in 1984. The Reagan administration estimates cited in the same document showed revenues rising from $600 billion in 1981 to $771 billion in 1984. Obviously, no gimmicks were used to fool anyone about the revenue impact of the Reagan tax cut.

It is also easy to demonstrate that there was no feeding frenzy in Congress that loaded up the Reagan plan with additional cuts. The following table compares the Reagan estimates of the revenue loss from its tax plan in February with those calculated by Congress's Joint Committee on Taxation *after* passage of the tax bill. It comes from a December 1981 committee report entitled "General Explanation of the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981." This committee was also under Democratic control, chaired by Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois.

ESTIMATED REVENUE EFFECTS OF THE ECONOMIC RECOVERY TAX ACT OF 1981
(in billions of dollars)

Fiscal Year	Reagan	JCT
1981	-8.8	-1.6
1982	-53.9	-37.7
1983	-100.0	-92.7
1984	-148.1	-150.0
1985	-185.7	-199.2
1986	-221.7	-267.7
Total	-718.2	-748.9

Considering that the tax committee had a year of additional economic data upon which to base its estimate, it is remarkable how close its calculation of revenues was to the original Reagan forecast. It shows that there were no huge revenue-losing provisions added to the Reagan plan after its introduction, as the feeding frenzy mythologists assume. This fact is further underscored by a comparison of JCT and Reagan administration estimates just for the business provisions of the tax bill.

REVENUE EFFECTS OF BUSINESS PROVISIONS OF THE ECONOMIC RECOVERY TAX ACT OF 1981
(in billions of dollars)

Fiscal Year	Reagan	JCT
1981	-2.5	-1.6
1982	-9.7	-10.7
1983	-18.6	-18.7
1984	-30.0	-28.4
1985	-44.2	-44.2
1986	-59.3	-59.3
Total	-164.3	-153.5

As one can see, the final law actually reduced taxes for businesses less than the Reagan administration originally estimated. And these estimates don't even take into account that billions of dollars in taxes were raised by increases included in the 1981 tax bill. For example, Congress restricted the use of tax straddles, raising revenues by $1.7 billion over 5 years.

It is true that budget deficits did increase subsequent to passage of the 1981 tax cut. However, any honest analysis of the reasons will put the blame on the 1981-82 recession, one of the deepest in the postwar era, and the collapse of inflation from 12.4 percent in 1980 to just 1.1 percent by 1986. The recession raised unemployment and reduced corporate profits, while collapsing inflation reduced nominal GDP far below any economist's projections. These effects reduced revenues far more than the tax cut.

Nevertheless, Congress believed that it had gone too far in 1981, especially in cutting taxes for businesses, and reversed course in 1982, passing the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act (TEFRA). This legislation was one of the largest tax increases in American history, almost all of it levied on business. Proponents of the feeding frenzy argument usually ignore this fact. The following table

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from the Joint Committee on Taxation's December 1982 report on the 1982 tax bill shows how much of the 1981 business tax cut was rescinded.

EFFECTS OF TEFRA
(in billions of dollars)

Fiscal Year	Business Provisions	Total
1983	+5.4	+18.0
1984	+13.3	+37.7
1985	+16.5	+42.7
1986	+28.0	+51.8
1987	+40.1	+63.9

According to the committee's figures, TEFRA alone took back about 40 percent of the business tax cuts in the 1981 legislation. And there were major business tax increases to follow in the Deficit Reduction Act of 1984, the Consolidated Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1985, the Tax Reform Act of 1986, and several more budget reconciliation acts in 1987, 1989, 1990, and 1993.

It is difficult to say to what extent these subsequent tax increases offset the 1981 tax cut. However, the Treasury Department used to publish a table in the budget each year that attempted to keep track of the cumulative effect of tax changes. Since reporters Maggs and Stone identify 1987 as a key year, let us look at the budget table for that year.

According to the "Changes in Receipts" table in the 1989 federal budget, the 1981 tax cut caused federal revenues to be $242 billion lower than they would have been in the absence of the tax cut, and without accounting for any expansionary effects the tax cut had on the economy. This figure amounts to 5.1 percent—not 5.5 percent—of GDP. However, the impact of subsequent tax increases raised federal revenues by $163 billion in 1987. In other words, two-thirds of the 1981 tax cut had been taken back through tax increases by 1987, leaving total revenues just $79 billion lower than they would have been had the 1981 tax cut never been enacted.

This raises an important point about tax cuts that liberals conveniently forget: They can be rescinded relatively easily. By contrast, increases in spending are extremely difficult to undo once enacted. Leaving aside the differences in their economic effects, it is abundantly clear that the political system is far more willing to undo a tax cut than it is to undo a spending increase.

In short, there is no evidence that a feeding frenzy by business interests on Capitol Hill in 1981 caused the deficits of the 1980s. Not only were the business tax cuts in the final legislation almost exactly the same as those proposed by Ronald Reagan during the 1980 campaign, but even those cuts were largely reversed by subsequent legislation. The false history of the 1981 tax cut is just a smoke screen for liberal opposition to any and all tax cuts. ♦

THE JERK

Michael Ramirez

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The Forest Fires Next Time

The Clinton administration's ecosystem theories have reached a dead end. BY ROBERT H. NELSON

AMONG HIS FLURRY of last minute actions, President Clinton issued an order January 5 closing off 58.5 million acres of the national forests to future road building, timber harvesting, and oil and gas leasing. To put this in perspective, it will increase the area of the national forests in a wilderness status by 165 percent, the total now reaching the size of California.

This step was promptly hailed by one environmental leader as "the biggest conservation achievement by any president in our memory." Perversely, though, the forest environment itself will be the biggest loser.

The widespread forest fires in the West last summer confirmed a decade of warnings from forest experts. By the Forest Service's own estimates, about 55 percent of its lands, covering more than 100 million acres, are in poor and declining health. More than half of the newly designated roadless forest areas are considered unhealthy.

The dismal current state of forest health is largely the result of past efforts to suppress forest fires. The national forests have far too many small trees, densely packed and susceptible to disease, and often severely fire prone. If fires had been allowed to burn in decades past, the forests would be healthier. But in their absence, many forests built up large volumes of "excess fuels"—kindling for the devastating megafires that have become more and more common in recent years.

This grievous mid-century policy error cannot easily be undone. When the forests do eventually burn—as they must some day, including in roadless areas—there will be little that is "natural" about the outcome. Because they were delayed so long, many fires will burn with extreme intensity; some will become "crown" fires that destroy even the oldest and historically most fire resistant trees, and others will damage the forest soils.

We've already had a taste of what's to come. As former interior secretary Bruce Babbitt said of one Idaho fire, it "wiped out a population of bull trout. It vaporized soil elements critical to forest recovery; then when the rains come, floods and mudslides will pour down hardpan slopes, threatening lives and property a second time." And that's not to mention the heavy air pollution that hung over the West all last summer.

The forest fires of 2000 exposed the liabilities of government policies based on environmental illusions. Besides the widespread damage to the forest environment, the fires of 2000 burned around 1,000 homes and required government expenditures of well over $1 billion. Yet many environmentalists, including many who populated the Clinton administration, persist in crusading with quasi-religious zealotry for a federal policy of cleansing the environment of human—i.e., "unnatural"—influences. In reality, just the opposite, assertive human management, is necessary.

Throughout the 1990s, the Clinton administration declared a virtual war on almost any kind of productive use of the national forests. The levels of

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A firefighter near Bailey, Colo., June 15, 2000

timber harvests from Forest Service lands plummeted from 12 billion board feet in 1989 to less than 3 billion in 1999. Oil and gas drilling, along with virtually any other kind of mineral exploration, was discouraged.

Putting land in a wilderness status acts to keep out many hunters, fishermen, skiers, and other ordinary recreational users as well. In Idaho, if the Clinton roadless designations hold up, the total wilderness area will now extend to 25 percent of the state. It will set aside this vast preserve for 20-year-old backpackers and other Americans in top physical shape.

The final Clinton actions were consistent with that administration's theory of "ecosystem management," which replaced the old federal policy of "multiple-use management." For the Clinton team, the objective was to achieve an ecological state of affairs in the national forests that went by the misleading name of "natural." In practice, natural meant forest conditions that prevailed in the West before the arrival of European settlement. Because of uncertainty about those conditions, the Forest Service is presently employing hordes of foresters, botanists, anthropologists, and other researchers to determine precisely the state to which we must "restore" the national forests.

Yet, ecosystem management is still more a slogan than a well developed management regime. One problem on the level of theory is that it effectively requires reading Native Americans out of the human race. As leading fire historian Stephen Pyne keeps reminding us, American Indians shaped western forests for thousands of years by the deliberate setting of fires. If "natural" is to be defined in terms of forest conditions preceding any human—including Indian—influences, no one could say what these conditions might be.

Even ignoring this philosophical conundrum, it is frequently impossible in practice to say that something qualifies as "natural." There are only three possible outcomes, for example, for the excess fuel loads now found in western national forests. The unwanted trees can be removed by prescribed burning; they can be cut down and removed; or they can be left to burn in occasional unplanned conflagrations like the epic fires seen last summer.

The favored Clinton policy was prescribed burning. However, it was a prescribed burn at Los Alamos that grew out of control in May 2000 to cause the loss of more than 230 homes and destroy part of the Los Alamos National Laboratory. The least desirable option, according to the theorists of ecosystem management, is the mechanical removal of excess trees by thinning and logging. Any such removal would require the use of heavy equipment and would be legally prohibited in existing wilderness.

Federal forest managers on the ground have thus been put in an impossible position. Nothing they can do—including taking no action at all—will really be "natural" according to the precepts of ecosystem management. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the General Accounting Office has repeatedly found the decision process in the Forest Service to be "broken"; management confusion has resulted

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Black Listed Cancer Treatment Could Save Your Life

Baltimore, MD— As unbelievable as it seems the key to stopping many cancers has been around for over 30 years. Yet it has been banned. Blocked. And kept out of your medicine cabinet by the very agency designed to protect your health—the FDA.

In 1966, the senior oncologist at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York rocked the medical world when he developed a serum that **"shrank cancer tumors in 45 minutes!"** 90 minutes later they were gone... Headlines hit every major paper around the world. Scientists and researchers applauded. Time and again this life saving treatment worked miracles, but the FDA ignored the research and hope he brought and shut him down.

You read that right. He was not only shut down—but also forced out of the country where others benefited from his discovery. That was 32 years ago. How many other treatments have they been allowed to hide? Just as in the case of Dr. Burton's miracle serum these too go unmentioned.

Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough...

Decades ago, European research scientist Dr. Johanna Budwig, a six-time Nobel Award nominee, discovered a totally natural formula that not only protects against the development of cancer, but people all over the world who have been diagnosed with incurable cancer and sent home to die have actually benefited from her research—and now lead normal lives.

After 30 years of study, Dr. Budwig discovered that the blood of seriously ill cancer patients was deficient in certain substances and nutrients. Yet, healthy blood always contained these ingredients. It was the lack of these nutrients that allowed cancer cells to grow wild and out of control.

By simply eating a combination of two natural and delicious foods (found on page 134) not only can cancer be prevented—but cases reveal it could be healed! "Symptoms of cancer, liver dysfunction, and diabetes were completely alleviated." Remarkably, what Dr. Budwig discovered was a totally natural way for eradicating cancer.

However, when she went to publish these results so that everyone could benefit—**she was blocked by manufacturers with heavy financial stakes!** For over 10 years now her methods have proved effective—yet she is denied publication—blocked by the giants who don't want you to read her words.

What's more, the world is full of expert minds like Dr. Budwig who have pursued cancer remedies and come up with remarkable natural formulas and diets that work for hundreds and thousands of patients. *How to Fight Cancer and Win* author William Fischer has studied these methods and revealed their secrets for you—so that you or someone you love may be spared the horrors of conventional cancer treatments.

As early as 1947, Virginia Livingston, M.D., isolated a cancer-causing microbe. She noted that every cancer sample analyzed (whether human or other animal) contained it.

This microbe—a bacteria that is actually in each of us from birth to death—multiplies and promotes cancer when the immune system is weakened by disease, stress, or poor nutrition. Worst of all, the microbes secrete a special hormone protector that short-circuits our body's immune system—allowing the microbes to grow undetected for years. No wonder so many patients are riddled with cancer by the time it is detected. But there is hope even for them...

Six-time Nobel Nominee's Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough Revealed

Turn to page 82 of *How to Fight Cancer and Win* for the delicious diet that can help stop the formation of cancer cells and shrink tumors.

They walked away from traditional cancer treatments...and were healed! Throughout the pages of *How to Fight Cancer and Win* you'll meet real people who were diagnosed with cancer—suffered through harsh conventional treatments—turned their backs on so called modern medicine—only to be miraculously healed by natural means! Here is just a sampling of what others have to say about the book.

"We purchased *How to Fight Cancer and Win*, and immediately my husband started following the recommended diet for his just diagnosed colon cancer. He refused the surgery that our doctors advised. Since following the regime recommended in the book he has had no problems at all, cancer-wise. If not cured, we believe the cancer has to be in remission."

—Thelma B.

"I bought *How to Fight Cancer and Win* and this has to be the greatest book I've ever read. I have had astounding results from the easy to understand knowledge found in this book. My whole life has improved drastically and I have done so much for many others. The information goes far beyond the health thinking of today."

—Hugh M.

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My doctor found two tumors on my prostate with a high P.S.A. He scheduled a time to surgically remove the prostate, but I canceled the appointment. Instead I went on the diet discussed in the book combined with another supplement. Over the months my P.S.A. has lowered until the last reading was one point two."

—Duncan M.

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—Edward S.,MD

"As a cancer patient who has been battling lymphatic cancer on and off for almost three years now, I was very pleased to stumble across *How to fight Cancer and Win*. The book was inspiring, well-written and packed with useful information for any cancer patient looking to maximize his or her chances for recovery."

—Romany S.

"I've been incorporating Dr. Budgwig's natural remedy into my diet and have told others about it. Your book is very informative and has information I've never heard about before (and I've read many books on the cancer and nutrition link). Thanks for the wonderful information."

—Molly G.

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in a constant state of "gridlock."

Some people think the disease may be terminal. Roger Sedjo, head of the forestry program at Resources for the Future in Washington, D.C., says it may be time to "think the unthinkable." The Forest Service "has been an unusually successful organization for much of its history. That is no longer the case." After eight years of Clinton management, the simplest thing may be to abolish it.

Even before the fires of 2000, William Cronon, America's leading environmental historian, was generating wide controversy by arguing that "the time has come to rethink wilderness"; the social values reflected in the concept of wilderness were having an "insidious" effect on environmental policy-making. The idea of a truly natural forest, for example, is a Disneyland fantasy, or as Cronon puts it, it is a "product of [our] civilization." Nevertheless, the idea that genuine wild areas can exist "serves as the unexamined foundation on which so many of the quasi-religious values of modern environmentalism rest." Environmental activists, in other words, want a Garden of Eden. Paradise lost, paradise regained—it is a very old story.

The fires last year showed some of the costs of pursuing environmental utopia. It is much easier, to be sure, when other people bear the consequences. Al Gore received a tiny 26 percent of the vote in Utah; 28 percent in Alaska, Idaho, and Wyoming; and 33 percent in Montana. His vote totals in the inland West approached respectable only in those states with large urban centers like Denver, Las Vegas, and Phoenix.

The people living in the far ranging rural West meanwhile have been getting angrier and angrier. It is not a question of any great economic or ideological divergence from other Americans. These westerners are simply close enough to the land to know what is actually happening—close enough, for example, to see and smell the fires. The 70 percent and higher of rural westerners who voted against Gore in 2000 were simply registering their discontent with their assigned role as pawns for environmental fantasies—fantasies that are counterproductive economically *and* environmentally, even if emotionally satisfying to people farther away.

People living in the rural West have been getting angrier. It is not a question of ideology. They are close enough to see what is happening.

The direct-mail environmentalists in Washington like to suggest that any resistance to their ideas of ecosystem management must be led by loggers, ranchers, miners, and other environmental "reactionaries." The dismal Gore vote in the mountain states—a sort of referendum on Clinton environmental policy—put the lie to that. After eight years of the Clinton administration, there are in fact very few loggers and grazers left to vote. The inland western states are the fastest growing part of the United States. And even newcomers quickly figure out that ecosystem management is not working; that—without active forest management—the health of much of the 58.5 million acres of newly designated roadless areas will continue to deteriorate. They are aware that many large and intense fires are likely to break out in these areas, perhaps sooner rather than later. And without roads, it will be difficult or impossible to fight these fires.

As the fires rage on, like the fires at Los Alamos this past summer, there will be no stopping them at the borders of wilderness areas. The heavy air pollution—filled with particulate matter declared by EPA to be a major danger to human health when it happens to come out of a power plant smokestack—will not respect the boundaries of wilderness designation. Federal taxpayers will then be asked to cough up billions more dollars for fire fighting to bail out this latest example of environmental folly on the national forests.

In the short run, President Bush should rescind Clinton's ban on roads. There are procedural hurdles, but the Bush team can use the environmental and other decision-making documentation put together over the past two years by the Clinton administration—including a full analysis of a "no action" (no roadless designation) alternative. If the quality of the original environmental documentation was legally sufficient to adopt the Clinton policy, it will be sufficient to rescind it. Current arguments by environmental spokespersons that it could take years to undo the roadless designations are an effort to cover up their legal vulnerability.

In the longer run the obvious solution is to devolve much of the management of the national forests to the people who live in and around them. They bear the consequences, they pay the price—they should make the decisions. The Bush administration, one can hope, will make every effort over the next four years to let them do so. ♦

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The New Middle East

The return of Ariel Sharon

By Charles Krauthammer

Imagine General Douglas MacArthur, come back to life in, say, 1980, defeating Ronald Reagan for the Republican nomination and going on to become president, crushing President Jimmy Carter more resoundingly than either George McGovern or Barry Goldwater had been beaten. Well, the equally improbable has just happened in Israel, minus the resurrection.

To be sure, Ariel Sharon, who won the prime ministership in a landslide, did not quite rise from the dead. After his disgrace in the Lebanon war in the early 1980s, he slowly worked his way back to political viability. Within a few years, he had been appointed to minor ministerial posts in various Israeli administrations. His final rehabilitation came when he was appointed foreign minister by Benjamin Netanyahu in 1998 and participated in the Wye River negotiations with King Hussein, Yasser Arafat, and President Clinton.

AP/Wide World Photos

Ariel Sharon, adding to his landslide

But he was still considered unelectable. Not only because of his age (72) but because of his history. As a young commander in the Suez campaign of 1956, he sent his paratroopers into the Mitla Pass against orders; 38 of his men were killed, a terrible toll in a war in which total Israeli casualties were only 231. Sharon's military career was seriously damaged.

In 1973, he redeemed himself on that same peninsula. With Israel reeling from the surprise Egyptian crossing of the Suez Canal, he led a courageous and risky reverse-crossing of the canal that encircled the Egyptians and led to their surrender. True to his bold and erratic form, however, just a decade later he was disgraced again, leading Israel on its ill-fated Lebanon invasion and found indirectly responsible for a massacre carried out by Lebanese Christians.

In fact, one of Barak's campaign slogans stressed that he was the man who had gotten Israel out of Lebanon, while Sharon was the man who had gotten Israel in. The problem for Barak, however, is that while he got Israel out of Lebanon, he also imported Lebanon into the heart of Israel: The endless guerrilla warfare, the daily killings, the roadside bombings, the drive-by shootings, the constant fear that had been the life of the soldiers rotating through Lebanon is now the life of all Israelis who live anywhere near their Palestinian neighbors.

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Sharon's accession to power was the direct result of this catastrophic political failure by Barak. It began last July with the diplomatic debacle at Camp David. Barak surprised not only the Palestinians but the American mediators, and indeed his own close associates, with his astonishing concessions: offering to divide Jerusalem; to give up Israel's sovereignty over its holiest site, the Temple Mount; to yield more than 90 percent of the West Bank, including the strategically crucial Jordan Valley. Not only were these concessions unprecedented, they were in direct contradiction to the campaign promises he had made just a year earlier. Why, even Leah Rabin, widow of Barak's mentor, said that Yitzhak would be "turning in his grave" upon hearing what Barak had offered on Jerusalem.

But unlike his mentor Rabin, who also betrayed his campaign promises but at least brought home a piece of parchment signed on the White House lawn, Barak brought home nothing. Worse than nothing. Sensing Barak's weakness and desperation and pressing for even better terms, Arafat soon launched the low-level guerrilla war now plaguing Israel.

The betrayal of his allies, the humiliation at Camp David, and finally the ongoing war—which led a wobbly Barak to offer even greater concessions—totally undercut whatever support he had in the public and in parliament. By late 2000, his government had collapsed. Going into this election, he had the support of a mere one-quarter of the Knesset.

Here is where Sharon got lucky. Polls showed Barak trailing very badly against Benjamin Netanyahu, who had come back from a self-imposed political exile and was preparing to run for prime minister. Barak was 30 points behind. Barak knew he didn't have a chance. But he thought he might have a chance against caretaker Likud leader Ariel Sharon (who took over the party when Netanyahu resigned after his 1999 defeat), since Sharon's checkered past had for decades made him politically unacceptable to a large number of Israelis.

Barak maneuvered. He resigned, calling a snap election. Netanyahu would be legally excluded from running on a technicality, because he was not a member of parliament. Even the jaded Israeli political system could not stomach so cynical a move. The Knesset quickly moved to change the law to allow Netanyahu to run, but Netanyahu wisely decided not to because the Knesset would not dissolve itself, and the current Knesset is so fractured as to be ungovernable. Netanyahu stepped aside. Sharon became the improbable challenger. He then won by the largest margin in Israeli history, an unheard of 25 points.

He won because of Barak's incompetence and cynicism. He won because of Netanyahu's caution. But most of all, he won because of Yasser Arafat.

II

Arafat made a fool of Barak. He proved, even to much of the Israeli left, that the entire theory of preemptive concessions, magnanimous gestures, rolling appeasement was an exercise in futility. Israelis were shocked by how far Barak had gone. Dividing Jerusalem was something that no Israeli government even considered for 35 years. Equally unthinkable was giving up the Jordan Valley, Israel's buffer against tank attack from the east. Barak's own Labor party for 35 years maintained that it should never be given up. Barak's own army chief of staff said giving it up threatened Israel's very existence.

It didn't stop there. By the end, just days before the election, Barak was offering 94 percent to 96 percent of the West Bank—plus pieces of Israel proper to make up the full 100 percent. He was prepared to give the Palestinians not only their own state but control of the border crossings with Egypt and Jordan. Previous Israeli governments had refused to countenance that because there could then be no controlling the flow of weapons into Palestine and thus no possibility of a Palestinian state being demilitarized.

Working with an equally lame-duck Bill Clinton, Barak tried desperately in the final weeks of his administration to wrap up a deal and save himself politically. Arafat reacted with characteristic cunning (always misinterpreted in the West as indecision): He equivocated, pocketing concessions, offering nothing, letting Barak twist in the wind.

Arafat did all this knowing that it would bring on Sharon. Indeed, the Palestinian Authority broadcast instructions to Israeli Arabs to boycott the election, thus assuring Sharon's victory, even had the election been close. With Sharon, Arafat will meet resistance. And that resistance may spark international pressure on Israel and, perhaps better, a regional war.

As pointed out by Ehud Ya'ari, a leading Israeli journalist who has known and studied Arafat for over 30 years, a regional war has long been Arafat's fondest dream. He knows the Palestinians will always be too weak to fight the Israelis head on. And he knows that the best he can get from any peace agreement is a small Palestinian state, perhaps with part of Jerusalem. The

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AP/Wide World Photos

George W. Bush (with Massachusetts governor Paul Cellucci) meets Ariel Sharon in Israel, November 1998.

only way to achieve the real dream of conquering all of Palestine, which would make him Saladin, would be to trigger a replay of 1948 with five Arab states invading Israel, but this time with modern armies, modern weapons, modern leadership, and massive oil wealth behind them.

That is his ultimate strategy. But he has more limited interim strategic objectives as well. These less cataclysmic calculations center on the new administration in Washington. The Arabs have a rather romantic view of George W. Bush, remembering that his father, and particularly his secretary of state James Baker, were quite tough on the Likud government of Yitzhak Shamir in the early 1990s. What they see now is the perfect alignment of the stars: a hard-line Bush administration clashing with a hard-line Likud administration. No Israeli government can long afford a breach with America. Tension between Israel and its one ally would undermine its international position and make it far more susceptible to Palestinian demands.

True. Nonetheless, Arafat is probably misreading the younger Bush. Baker is not back. The Bush team is hardly eager to get near the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Indeed, the chief objective of Bush's national security advisers is to extract themselves as much as they can from the negotiating morass into which Bill Clinton, with his frenetic legacy-hunting, inserted the United States. And ironically, the one Israeli George W. Bush probably knows best is the man who took him on a helicopter tour of the territories in 1998 and whom he subsequently lavishly praised: Ariel Sharon.

III

Whether intended or not, Arafat will now face Sharon. And he is counting on Sharon's reputation, his very name, to cast Israel as the heavy in the inevitable coming crisis. Sharon carries baggage, most famously Sabra and Shatila, the Palestinian villages that suffered a massacre at the hands of Christian Phalangists during the Lebanon war. An Israeli commission found Sharon, Israel's defense minister at the time, "indirectly responsible" for not anticipating and thus preventing the massacre.

Sharon's indirect responsibility, however, is often inflated into more. For example, consider a front-page article by Lee Hockstader in the *Washington Post* (February 3, 2001): "At the time, Sharon was leading Israel's invasion of Lebanon and made no attempt to stop the militiamen from attacking the refugees." This implies that Sharon knew that the massacre was taking place. The fact is that he did not. Allegations that he had discussed it in advance with Phalangist leaders led Sharon to file a libel suit in New York City. The court unequivocally found the allegation to be false.

Moreover, it is remarkable that Sharon's *indirect* responsibility for a massacre that occurred 18 years ago should be constantly cited and held up as a disqualification for leadership, while Arafat's *direct* responsibility for a myriad of terrorist massacres both predating and postdating 1982 (including the cold-blooded execution of the U.S. ambassador in Sudan) seems to concern no one. It has been consigned to the memory hole. Israelis have accepted Arafat as a negotiating partner. Americans too. Bill Clinton had him to the White House more often than any other leader on the planet. Yet Sharon, uniquely, is considered damaged goods.

Moreover, this is the same Ariel Sharon with whom the Palestinians negotiated quite freely at Wye River in

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1998. Everyone seems to have forgotten that Sharon, then Netanyahu's foreign minister, helped negotiate the agreement, ending in a White House ceremony in which a dying King Hussein spoke movingly about peace and the progress they had just made. Abu Mazen, Arafat's number two, subsequently gave a rather favorable Thatcher-on-Gorbachev assessment of Sharon as interlocutor.

The other charge against Sharon is that his visit to the Temple Mount at the end of September 2000 is responsible for the current fighting. It was a phony excuse at the time and it remains a phony excuse today. Abu Mazen himself said on Palestinian radio that the visit was "only a pretext." It was after the Camp David summit—when Arafat refused Barak's offers and President Clinton publicly blamed Arafat for the failure of the talks—that the Palestinian leadership decided it needed to renew the conflict to regain its international footing. "We decided on this [the intifada]," explained Abu Mazen, "to demonstrate our rejection of the ideas and plans offered by Israel at the Camp David summit."

AP/Wide World Photos

Yasser Arafat, at the presidential mosque in Gaza City

IV

Ironically, it is Sharon's very reputation as a tough and ruthless warrior that gives hope in some quarters that he can be the man to make peace. Sharon was important in securing peace with Egypt. He is the defense minister who forcibly evacuated and destroyed the Israeli settlements in the Sinai in compliance with the Egyptian-Israeli treaty.

Is he going to be Nixon in China?

No. And not because he might not want to. Sharon has a history of unpredictability. He might be tempted. The problem is, there is no China to go to. If the Palestinians rejected the abject appeasement Barak offered them, where is there for Sharon to go? After the Israeli electorate spoke so resoundingly in repudiating Barak, no one in his right mind, not even what is left of the Israeli left, will go much farther.

What Barak demonstrated for all but the most deluded is that there is no partner on the other side. The Palestinians don't want a final peace, because, being the weaker party, they would at this point in history achieve only half a loaf at most, and they have been raised from infancy to consider that surrender. Arafat's strategy is clear: continued agitation, continued unrest, continued guerrilla war that over time will either (1) demoralize Israel into caving in, or (2) spark an Israeli military reaction that will, at the least, alienate the United States, and, at the most, ignite a regional war that the Arabs might once and for all win.

In a recent campaign meeting with "Russians," as the million new immigrants from the ex-Soviet Union are known, Barak justified his concessions as having unmasked the true face of Arafat. At which point an audience member said, "Yes, you unmasked him, but then you continued with appeasement as if you had not."

Barak never faced the logical consequence of the unmasking. He wavered and equivocated. He issued his Yom Kippur ultimatum—stop the violence within 48 hours or else—then withdrew it. He called "time out" in the negotiations when the Palestinians did something particularly hideous—like lynching two Israelis in Ramallah—and then returned to negotiations as soon as

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the dead were buried. He proved a negotiator with no red lines, no point beyond which he wouldn't go.

The most astonishing fact about Barak's year and a half of negotiations is that Arafat *never made a counteroffer*. The talks were always about Israeli concessions. By the end, Barak had moved the goal post 90 yards down the field to the other side. Arafat had hardly moved an inch from the original maximal demands enunciated when the Oslo peace process began in 1993.

AP/Wide World Photos

Lebanese students throw stones along the Lebanese-Israeli border.

Sharon's election was a referendum on precisely this "peace process" and constitutes a national rejection, by an overwhelming majority, of Barak's new and supremely dangerous concessions. The day after his election, Sharon declared he was not bound by any of them.

Nonetheless, the damage is done, and it is lasting. Israeli policy can change, but the change Barak wrought in American policy may be irreversible. For 35 years it was American policy to support an undivided Jerusalem. That support is now in ruins. In his final speech on the Middle East, President Clinton called for the division of Jerusalem. Can the Bush administration turn back the clock? Can it be more pro-Israel on Jerusalem than a recent Israeli government?

The Palestinians are well aware of the gift that Barak has bequeathed them. Within hours of Sharon's election, the Palestinian Authority issued a statement after its weekly cabinet meeting in Gaza calling on the new government in Israel "to resume the Palestinian-Israeli negotiations from the point they have reached."

V

Fat chance. Sharon's election is a decisive statement by the Israeli people that they reject the new baseline. Sharon's task is to resist the inevitable pressure—diplomatic pressure from abroad, violent pressure in the territories—to pick up where Barak left off. His mission is not to get a final peace. There is no final peace to be had, unless it is the peace of the grave. His mandate is to restore the relative stability and security of the Netanyahu years—there's no hope of returning to the comparative nirvana of the pre-Oslo years—when Arab expectations were kept low, and negotiations were about the margins.

Above all, his mandate is to restore Israel's deterrent. Barak responded to Palestinian violence by continuing negotiations and offering more concessions. Not surprisingly, a recent poll of Palestinians found that an overwhelming majority believed that the additional concessions Israel made at the last-ditch preelection negotiations at Taba, Egypt, were a result of the violence. The Palestinians also look at Barak's unilateral withdrawal from Lebanon and conclude: If the Lebanese could get all they wanted from the Israelis by violence without negotiation or compromise, why can't we?

Sharon needs to give them an answer: For Israelis, Lebanon was not home. Jerusalem and the Jordan Valley and the Galilee are home. Restoring Israel's deterrent does not mean an all-out war with the Palestinians, but it does mean making the Palestinians pay a higher price for violence: No negotiations without a cessation of violence; no lifting of the closure of Palestinian territory; no work within Israel. (It is rather odd for people to claim that, while they are making war, the enemy is obliged to give them employment.)

Deterrence also applies, even more dangerously, to

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the Lebanese front. When Barak evacuated Israeli troops from Lebanon, he warned that any cross-border attack would be met by Israeli retaliation not just at Hezbollah and Beirut but at the puppet master itself, Syria. True to form, he flinched. Hezbollah is now dug in all along the northern Israeli border, with Katyusha rockets capable of reaching the suburbs of Haifa.

It will be Sharon's job to make good on Barak's threat if and when Hezbollah tests his resolve. And that is where the danger lies. An emboldened Hezbollah could easily trigger an Israeli retaliation that could in turn bring Syria actively into war—that could spark a regional conflagration.

Fear of such escalation made Barak helpless in the face of Lebanese cross-border provocations and attacks. Sharon understands that Israel cannot sustain this position of non-deterrence because in the end it is only deterrence—not goodwill, not pieces of paper, not even the friendship of the United States—that keeps Israel secure.

For the last quarter-century, the general Arab consensus was that any attack on Israel would render the Arabs worse off. That consensus has dangerously eroded. It is Sharon's task to restore it.

Following Barak in the prime ministership is a blessing and a curse. It is not hard to follow the act of the worst leader in Israel's history, probably the worst leader in the West since Chamberlain. On the other hand, Barak has left his country in a condition of insecurity and vulnerability not seen since 1949. Given the instability of the Israeli political system, and the narrow majority he'll have in parliament, Sharon's tenure may not be long. But it could be one of the most decisive in Israeli history. ♦

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Music and Passion

"Controversial . . . . Holloway aims to move to a deeper level."
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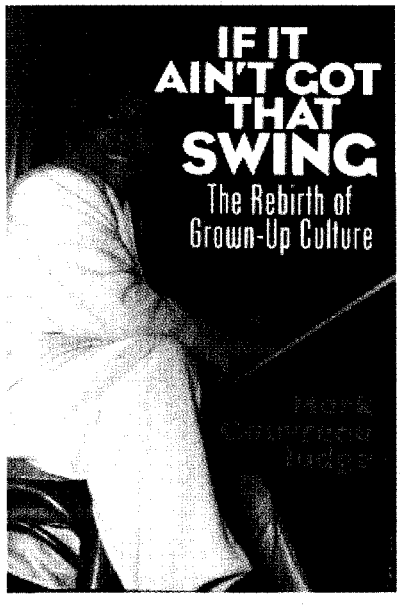
— *Publishers Weekly*

Pop music is everywhere, always playing for us—or at us. This is precisely why serious discussions of music are in short supply. Conservatives complain about lyrics and make futile appeals to public decency. Liberals, always ready to defend "self-expression," simultaneously celebrate pop's liberating ethos and deny its influence. Almost no one grasps the true power of music or is willing to question his own musical tastes.

All Shook Up will change the way you think about music. Carson Holloway leaves the debates of recent years behind to expose presumptions about music shared by liberals and conservatives. The so-called culture war masks widely held—and thoroughly superficial—opinions about music that were established a good three centuries before Elvis. After you read *All Shook Up*, the music you listen to, whether it's Bach or the Beatles or both, will never sound the same.



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— *Insight*

In a world dominated by teenagers, it's easy to forget that popular culture once catered to adults. Mark Gauvreau Judge, a countercultural young critic, argues that the rise of rock 'n' roll and the suburbanization of America have produced a narcissistic society drained of joy and hope. Yet in the revival of swing dancing—an artifact of a more sophisticated and convivial way of life—he detects a harbinger of cultural renewal.

"For many, the swing renaissance has rekindled hope, offering an uplifting challenge to the self-infatuated ethos of modern American life. Everything about swing—its dress, manners, unfiltered fun, and pure joy—stands against the kind of 'progress' that has brought us suburban sprawl, school shootings, and Madonna. It is nothing less than a pop culture revolt against the youth culture of the last forty years. Of course, it's also unbelievable fun."
— from *If It Ain't Got That Swing*

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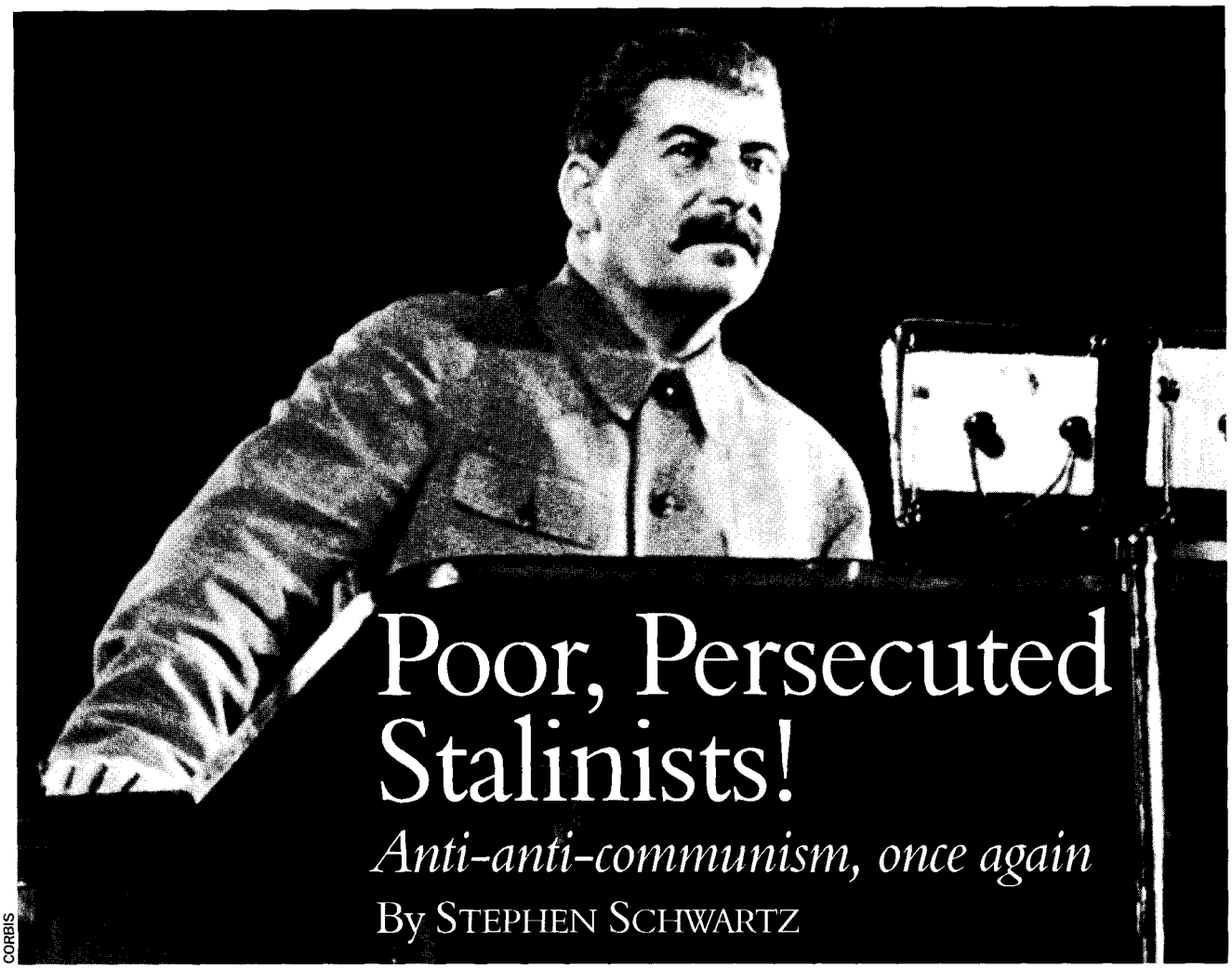

CORBIS

Poor, Persecuted Stalinists!

Anti-anti-communism, once again

By STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

With the fall of Russian communism and its puppets more than a decade ago, followed by the extensive opening of secret archives in both West and East, historians and journalists who had studied the crimes of the Soviet regime anticipated that a certain reasonable balance would take hold—especially among Western intellectuals, who for decades let their opposition to anti-communism draw them into excusing or even supporting Stalinism.

We can now see that such faith in the discernment and honesty of the American academic and literary classes was misplaced. Few prominent figures have come forward to admit they were wrong—or even to participate in the revised judgment of twentieth-century history. Indeed, in an alarming and depressing development, the partisans of anti-anti-communism have now rallied and begun a full-scale counterattack.

Stephen Schwartz is author of Intellectuals and Assassins, *a collection of essays on Stalinism.*

An example of this new "re-revisionism" is furnished by the reaction to *"Communazis": FBI Surveillance of German Emigré Writers* by a Midwestern academic named Alexander Stephan. Based on documents released under the Freedom of Information Act, *"Communazis"* revives all the bad qualities of 1970s-style apologetics for Stalinism: evasive phraseology, selective memory, and, above all, one-sided focus on alleged abuses by the American authorities.

"Communazis"
FBI Surveillance of German Emigré Writers
by Alexander Stephan
Yale University Press, 384 pp., $29.95

The theme of Stephan's book is, of course, outrage that the Federal Bureau of Investigation would ever have interested itself in the activities of Communists, which Stephan pairs with considerable irritation that anybody, anywhere, should ever have questioned the idealism, good faith, and even the nobility of Stalin's intellectual mercenaries.

This deceptive perspective shows even in the book's title. "Communazi" was used by J. Edgar Hoover to undermine the World War II anti-Nazi alliance between the United States and Russia. The word, Stephan writes, "compressed Communists and Nazis into a single idea at a time when the United States and the USSR were wartime allies, implied that the alliance was purely tactical—and laid the groundwork for the totalitarianism theory of the McCarthy era and the Cold War." It had had nothing, you see, to do with Stalin's intentions, and the totalitarianism of both the Nazis and Communists had no relation to their mutually beneficial relations or their

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shared concept of an ideological party state. Rather, the Cold War was all a "theory"—if not a malign semantic invention—of J. Edgar Hoover.

Of course, ordinary Americans in 1939, and again after 1945, understood in a visceral and fearful way that Hitler and Stalin were twins, accurately dubbed, by Trotsky, the "totalitarian double star." If Stalinism had remained what it was when Moscow was aligned with Hitler from August 1939 to June 1941, why would it have been anything but necessary and just for the American authorities to put under surveillance, isolate, and otherwise obstruct the foreign agents of Moscow? Stalin needed the West only to help him extricate himself from his abusive marriage with Hitler. But Stephan and others seem to think that Stalin's atrocities during the Cold War were not simply a continuation of the direction assumed long before, but rather a defensive reaction to harassment by the FBI.

The three outstanding "victims" of FBI monitoring cited in *"Communazis"* are the poet and playwright Bertolt Brecht and the novelists Lion Feuchtwanger and Anna Seghers. Stephan has written his book on the apparent assumption that nobody reading it will be aware that Bertolt Brecht was one of the most extreme devotees of Stalinism in its worst period, the 1930s. This was, after all, the author nicknamed "the poet of the GPU" by the former high Communist functionary Ruth Fischer. Stephan admits, without any elucidation, that while in the United States from 1941 to 1947, Brecht spent an inordinate amount of time with Soviet "diplomats" known to be spies. But there is evidence that Brecht actually served as a secret police agent.

Brecht's reputation as the bard of Stalin's hangmen rests mainly on his play *Die Massnahme*, or *The Measures Taken*. This work was written in 1930, during the aftermath of Stalin's adventures in China in the late 1920s, when German, American, and other foreign Communists dispatched to Shanghai and Canton drove thousands of ordinary Chinese workers to a meaningless

Bettmann / CORBIS

Bertolt Brecht

and brutal death. The play depicts as praiseworthy the essentially gratuitous murder of the most idealistic of a group of Chinese radicals by his own comrades. (Incredibly, this ghastly exercise was presented as a cantata, with the musical score composed by Hanns Eisler, another individual described by Stephan as a martyr to the FBI.)

Stephan mentions *The Measures Taken* several times, but never hints at its content. It is, of Brecht plays, the least-often performed today, for the good reason that it demonstrates baldly and even insolently that the worst anti-Communists could say about the immorality of the movement—that communism requires the suicide of conscience—was true. It was an uncanny harbinger of the destruction of millions by the Stalinist order within a decade, but Brecht and Eisler saw nothing disturbing in the proposition that any cruelty the party demanded, no matter how inhuman, was necessary.

In a secret speech in Moscow, Stalin said of the bloody Chinese events of 1927, "There have been massacres, and there will be more of them." Stalin's comment was not officially made public; why should it have been when Moscow had literary and artistic mercenaries like Brecht and Eisler to indoctrinate the public by performance of sophisticated musical dramas? Later in the 1930s, Brecht is reported to have responded to the reproach that the defendants in the Moscow purge trials were innocent by saying: "The more innocent they were, the more they deserved to be shot." This attitude runs like a thread through his work. What compelling moral argument could there have been, aside from talent that had been grossly and willfully corrupted, to allow the likes of Brecht and Eisler refuge in the United States? And if there are some arguments for granting them shelter, why should they not have been watched by the FBI, given their prior exploits?

Even so, the monitoring activities undertaken by the FBI and the other intelligence agencies never really amounted to much. The Stalinists were interrogated and followed around, their mail was opened, and their telephones were tapped, and that's about it. Stephan, like others, seeks insis-

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tently to draw a moral equivalence between the Bureau and the Soviet KGB—but even a child should be able to see the difference between reading someone's mail surreptitiously and the frame-up, imprisonment, and murder of millions of government leaders, prominent intellectuals, and ordinary people. The distinction between losing a job and losing one's life seems impossible for American leftist intellectuals to grasp.

Stephan's coy silence is no less outrageous when he turns to Feuchtwanger. Feuchtwanger's novels are unread in America today, and do not merit much commentary. It has also been mercifully forgotten that he gained worldwide infamy at the height of the Russian purge trials by publishing a whitewash of them, entitled *Moscow 1937*, which Stephan describes as "a controversial travel report." (Indeed, *Moscow 1937* may well have been directly subsidized by the Soviet secret police.)

Remarkably American investigators knew quite a bit about *Moscow 1937*, which they brought up with Feuchtwanger. Nonetheless, Stephan alludes to the interrogation while delicately omitting any description of the writing in question.

Indeed, he seems to have adopted as his own the evasive pattern of replies pursued by Brecht and Feuchtwanger. In a piquant moment, a representative of the Immigration and Naturalization Service asked Feuchtwanger to compare his enthusiastic description of the Stalin regime in *Moscow 1937* to his critical views of André Gide—the nihilist and homosexual novelist who did tell the truth about Stalin. Perhaps these investigators were not the provincial boobs they have been painted to be.

Feuchtwanger defended his pamphleteering in favor of the Moscow trials by citing American ambassador Joseph E. Davies, author of the equally discredited *Mission to Moscow*, which had declared that the old Bolsheviks killed by Stalin were Nazi spies. Pressed as to whether, even after Khrushchev's 1956 secret speech excoriating Stalin's crimes—the INS interviews took place in 1957 and 1958—he still held to the view that the trials were veridical and just, Feuchtwanger insisted that his outlook was that of a historian, not a politician, and therefore, his account of the trials could be taken as accurate.

Bettmann / CORBIS

Lion Feuchtwanger

Anna Seghers, the major third example in *"Communazis"*, is a meaningless name to the contemporary American literary public. But, once again, Stephan shows his customary refusal to face recently-published evidence.

He notes without the slightest elaboration, for instance, that Seghers's husband, Laszlo Radvanyi, "was accused . . . of having raided a meeting of Trotskyites in April 1943 along with three other German-speaking exiles," including a well-known Soviet operative, Otto Katz. In fact, the event was one of the most famous political riots to take place in Mexico. It occurred during a memorial meeting held for Henryk Erlich and Victor Alter, two Polish Jewish Mensheviks who had been murdered by Stalin's minions and then outrageously slandered by Moscow as Nazi spies. A third figure honored was the Italian-American labor leader Carlo Tresca, who had been murdered by a Mafioso likely paid to do so by the Communists. The "raid" was a mass attack by some two hundred Stalinists of various nationalities, all armed, some with machine guns. The main target was probably the ex-Trotskyist novelist Victor Serge—of whom Stephan should have heard, since, unlike Seghers, his writings remain read and appreciated.

German Stalinists, directed by Katz, played a major role in the persecution of dissident leftist exiles in Mexico as alleged pro-Nazi "fifth columnists." In the United States, the FBI had been tasked to thwart this campaign by the State Department, which believed that the Stalinist attempt to use the wartime alliance against their political critics diverted attention from the real fight against German agents.

Stephan is blind to the implications of all this. For him, the FBI's shadowing Stalinists is much, much worse than Stalinists' trying to kill their isolated and powerless opponents. He huffs at length over the FBI's investigation of Seghers in connection with twenty-four coded letters sent to New York from various Latin American locations. The letters were not released to Stephan by the FBI, but by his analysis they "seem to have involved the real or suspected activities of the 'NKVD' and 'Comintern apparatus' in trying to free the murderer of Trotsky" from a Mexican prison.

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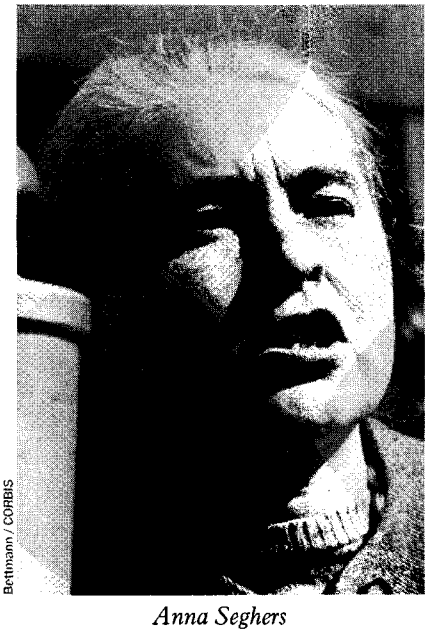
This incident was thoroughly discussed by the historians John Earl Haynes and Harvey Klehr, in *Venona: Decoding Soviet Espionage in America*, their book on decrypted Soviet communications. *Venona* appeared from Yale University Press—the same publisher that issued *"Communazis"*—in good enough time for Stephan to consult it. As shown by Haynes and Klehr, the coded letters were detected in the mail between November 1941 and November 1943, and they indeed involved a plot to break Trotsky's slayer, Ramon Mercader, out of prison.

But such details are unimportant to Stephan, whose only aim is to discredit American authorities. He expostulates that "the zeal and meticulousness of the FBI in investigating Seghers and the mysterious letters . . . appear grotesque and overblown against the background of the military conflicts going on in Europe and the Pacific. The unwarranted scale of the investigation at a time when resources were needed elsewhere confirms the stereotype of Hoover as a man who . . . thought no cost too great when it came to containing the Red menace." Cloaking himself in imaginary juridical robes, Stephan rails about "financial considerations and the statute of limitations."

But there is no statute of limitations on murder, and Trotsky was brutally murdered. Was there not, in fact, something admirable in the State Department and FBI helping to prevent his assassin from escaping justice, and more such assassinations from being carried out in Mexico? The notorious Otto Katz, by the way, was hanged in Prague after the war, in the toils of Stalin's East European purges; his trial swept a number of foreigners, including the American Field family, into secret prisons. (Stephan reveals, although he fails to learn from it, the horrifying additional detail that Brecht apparently had an early warning of the doom facing Katz.)

So why does the campaign to exonerate these terrorist intellectuals persist? Taken on its own terms, *"Communazis"* is an unimportant and silly little book that willfully misunderstands its own subject. Far more interesting than the book itself is the fact that it hasn't died the quiet death it deserves. Thus, the historian Martin Jay, reviewing *"Communazis"* in the *New York Times Book Review*, protests that the objects of FBI scrutiny "were literary figures . . . who may have romanticized Stalinism . . . but had no access to military or diplomatic secrets." Perhaps not, but they had the capacity to participate in lethal conspiracies. The poisoning of the Western mind by Stalinism remains a curse upon generation after generation—as Jay himself demonstrates. There was a reason Trotsky described Stalinism as the syphilis of the left.



Bettmann / CORBIS

Anna Seghers

An even worse review was produced for the *New Republic* by Jeffrey Herf of the University of Maryland. If Stephan may be said to possess a selective memory, Herf seems to have no memory. In Herf's contribution to the Feuchtwanger school of historiography, Brecht, Feuchtwanger, and Seghers were merely "Communist-leaning." They "intended no harm to the United States" and never supported "goals that were inimical to the interests of the United States in Europe."

Would he be willing to admit that they "intended harm" to Victor Serge? Or that their goals were inimical to the lives of millions of kulaks, religious believers, Trotskyists, Polish Jewish Mensheviks, and innumerable other victims? The FBI, according to Herf, "learned nothing about Brecht's political views that was not obvious to anyone reading Brecht's plays, poems, or political statements." But the bureau was interested in the consequences of these views, and curiously enough, the INS learned a great deal more from *The Measures Taken* than Stephan or Herf appears to have gleaned from it.

Herf seems addicted to the kind of crank historical interpretations that have come to be known as "counterfactual." To him, it is appalling that the FBI was more interested in Communists than Nazis in Mexico.

Well, Trotsky was not assassinated in Canada, which should provide one clue. Further, Herf claims that in Mexico, "for the first time in the history of German communism, Nazi persecution of the Jews before and during the Holocaust assumed a central place in the discourse of the German Communists." Herf sputters, "With self-assured ignorance, the FBI dismissed this remarkable moment as only a ploy by clever Comintern agents to dupe political innocents." But Stephan himself shows that Otto Katz had great success in fleecing the German Jewish business colony in Mexico to support his schemes, so the FBI was right after all. And, in any event, it is strange that for Herf the "remarkable moment" outweighs a decade of German Communist silence about the centrality of Nazi anti-Semitism.

How long will it be before the thaw that began in Moscow in 1956, with Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalinism, penetrates the American academy? Not even the events of 1989 seem to have been enough, nor the facts demonstrated by the Venona decryptions.

The American historical profession, once a beacon of reason and insight, today remains under the domination of a cult of untruth. In that, curiously, it is much like the Stalinist movement so many of its representatives seek to sanctify. ♦

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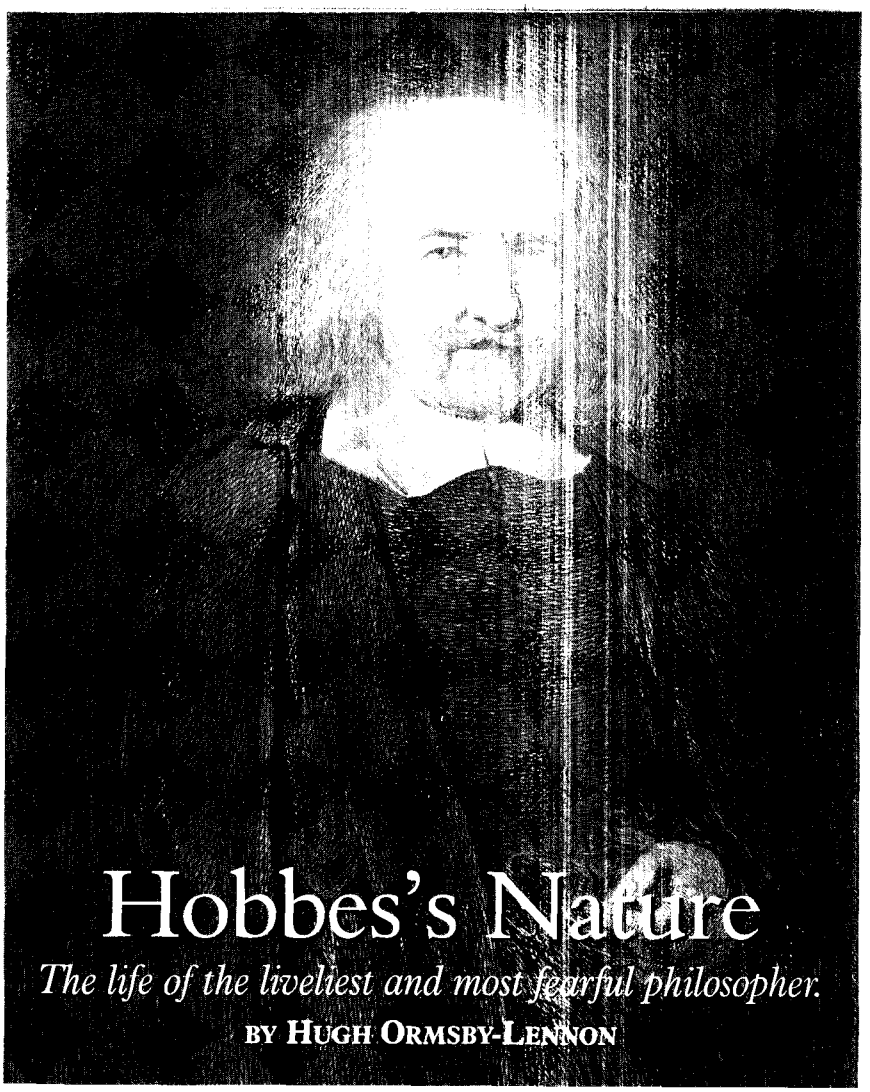

CORBIS

Hobbes's Nature

The life of the liveliest and most fearful philosopher.

BY HUGH ORMSBY-LENNON

About his own premature birth in 1588, Thomas Hobbes remarked that "fear and I came into the world together as twins."

His mother had gone into labor upon hearing rumors of the Spanish Armada's setting sail to invade England. And in that combination, Hobbes saw an omen of his own philosophy: Human misery in the state of nature—"continuall feare, and danger of violent death; And the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short"—quickens the social contract that government demands. The state of nature is not just a mythical prehistoric era but (as anyone living in seventeenth-century England could have testified) a living threat, for the "generall inclination of all mankind" is a "perpetuall and restlesse desire of Power after power, that ceaseth onely in Death."

Hugh Ormsby-Lennon teaches eighteenth-century literature and core humanities at Villanova University.

Hobbes was physically timorous, but he enjoyed flashing his prodigious brain power in print. Even topics so recondite as the squaring of the circle brought out the intellectual bruiser in him. And his most famous book, *Leviathan* (1651), was so belligerent and sardonic in its style, logic, and theorizing, that Hobbes provoked furious rejoinders from both the Royalists and the Puritans, who were at each others' throats. Indeed the comprehensive theory of body, man, citizen, and state that Hobbes twisted from human fears antagonized everyone, except perhaps the alehouse scoffers and Charles II's libertine court.

We can forget, if we aren't careful, just how antagonizing the man still remains, for he has grown so familiar. *Leviathan* is assigned to thousands of undergraduates in political science courses. Hobbes's name is a common token in casual intellectual exchange, and his most famous phrases—beginning with "nasty, brutish, and short"—fall calmly from our lips.

But the real Hobbes is Hobbes the antagonizer, not Hobbes the familiar and comfortable old shoe. To recover something even close to his meaning and his importance requires that we recover his original shock.

We're in the middle of something like a Hobbes boom. Over the last eighteen months, a dozen new books have taken up his life and thought. You can examine, for example, Hobbes and the complicated relation of natural law to natural rights in a forthcoming reprint, Henrik Syse's *Natural Law, Religion, and Rights*. Gabriella Slomp adds her own reading in *Thomas Hobbes and the Political Philosophy of Glory*. Jürgen Overhoff explores Hobbesian psychology in *Hobbes's Theory of the Will*. Twayne's English Authors Series offers its usual style of small biography and literary study with Conal Condren's *Thomas Hobbes*. St. Augustine's Press has just reissued *The Hunting of Leviathan*, a golden oldie in which Samuel I. Mintz chivvies out seventeen-century reactions to Hobbes.

Meanwhile, the philosopher's correspondence has been splendidly edited by the noted Balkanologist Noel Malcolm. In *Hobbes and Bramhall on Liberty and Necessity*, Vere Chappell painstakingly edits Hobbes's altercation with Bishop John Bramhall about "true liberty" and "antecedent and extrinsical necessity." In *Squaring the Circle: The War Between Hobbes and Wallis*, Douglas M. Jesseph referees impeccably "one of the longest and most intense intellectual disputes of all time," the bout between Hobbes and John Wallis, a Puritan mathematician, over his own claim to have squared the circle.

But Hobbes can slip through the fingers of his interpreters. Our difficulty with all these works is to sort out the ones that perceive the antagonizing man and his shocking mind beneath the accretions that have made him little more than a placeholder, a casual metaphor, for an exaggerated position in political philosophy.

A common squabble among scholars of Hobbes concerns *Leviathan*. It is, they agree, his magnum opus. But does

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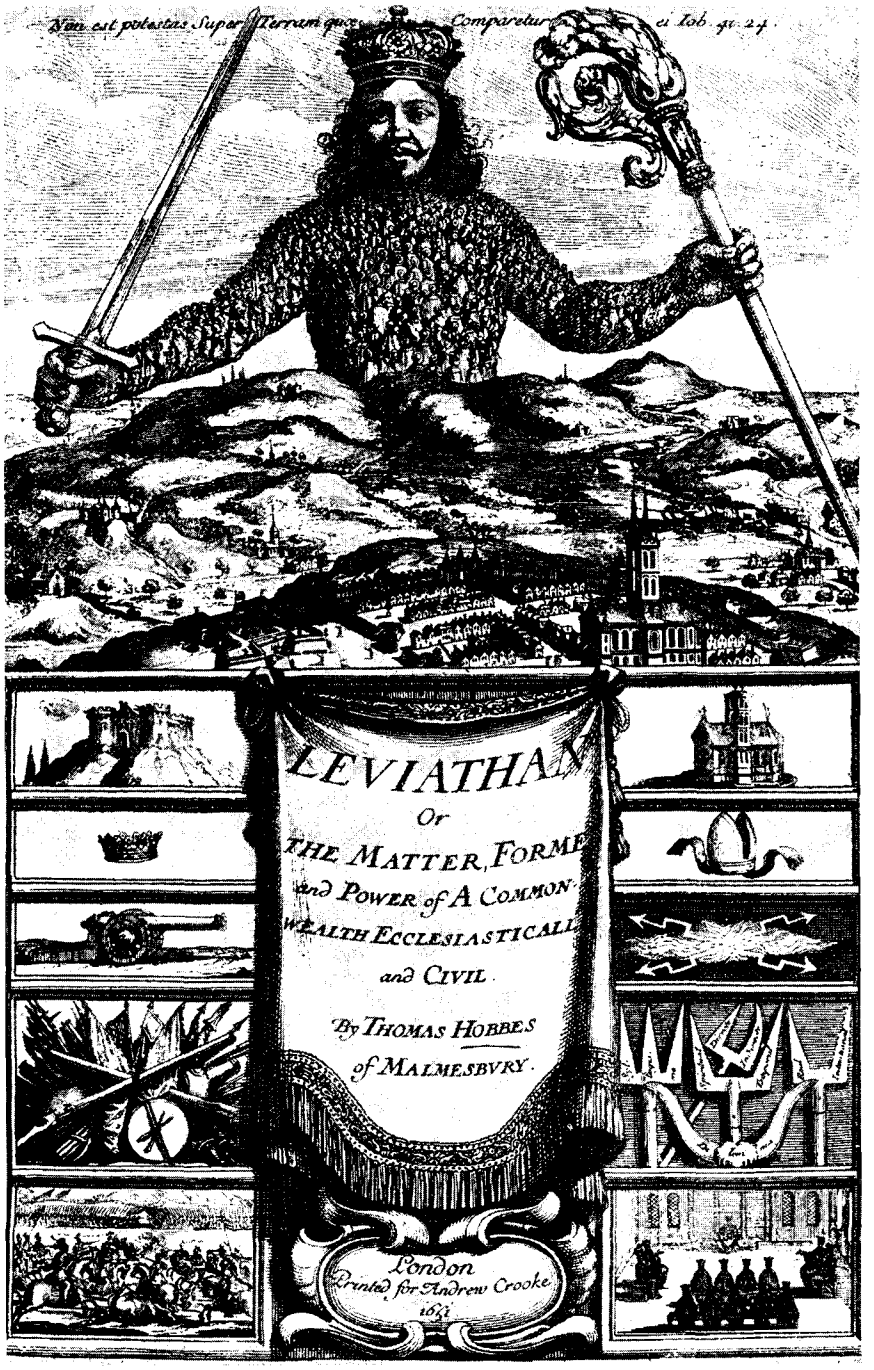

CORBIS

The title page for the first edition of Leviathan

it represent a swerve from, or an accentuation of, positions the philosopher had already taken before England's Civil Wars and Puritan Revolution provided him with a pathologist's slab for the body politic?

In his new biography of Hobbes—one of the best of recent works, richly informative about his life, times, and writings—A.P. Martinich underscores the importance of *Leviathan*. Even if the same ideas were present in Hobbes's earlier works, "it is *Leviathan* that deserves to be called 'A Bible for Modern Man' because no other work of his or any of his contemporaries presents such a forceful, eloquent, and comprehensive statement of the doctrine that expresses the spirit of modern thought. It adumbrates a physics, physiology, psychology, morality, politics, and critical theology."

In *Reason and Rhetoric in the Philosophy of Hobbes*—a 1996 love letter, now reprinted in paperback, from a lively don to a dead philosopher that is too brilliant for its own good—Quentin Skinner maintains that in *Leviathan* Hobbes junks his ambition of creating an ironclad science of politics. Instead the philosopher reassumes the mantle of a Renaissance humanist who knows that eloquence rather than axiomatic logic will convince readers.

As Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, Skinner declares that he is "less interested in Hobbes as the author of a philosophical system than in his role as the contributor to a series of debates about the moral sciences within Renaissance culture." Rather than let the English text of *Leviathan* stand on its own harsh merits, Skinner interweaves his commentary with learned glosses on the Latin translation of 1668 (which Hobbes may have intended only as a sop to his Anglican critics). Some of Skinner's readers will feel they have been left with scholarly bathwater.

To make his case Skinner marshals whole libraries of books about rhetoric, and pivots his interpretation upon the philosopher's deployment of the once-familiar rhetorical strategies of *elocutio* and *paradiastole*. It hardly seems worth reminding Skinner, in the dazzling spume of his own linguistic analysis, that Samuel Butler—who, like Hobbes, flailed away at Puritan neo-scholasticism—taught us that *all a Rhetorician's rules / Teach only but to name his tools*. Labeling the contents of Hobbes's toolbox can't draw out *Leviathan* with a hook. What Skinner forgets is how much Hobbes hated the slush of words, particularly those churned out by intellectuals. Instead Hobbes took refuge in the pure and wordless axioms of geometry, "the onely Science that it hath hitherto pleased God to bestow on mankind."

Still, Skinner joins Martinich in topping the bumper crop of recent books about Hobbes. So what, from all this publication, do we now understand? Given the humble circumstances of Hobbes's birth—even less

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propitious than Shakespeare's—no one would have envisioned him as an author of or contributor to anything that amounted to much.

Hobbes's apprehensive mother was an obscure countrywoman from Wiltshire in the west of England. His father was a semiliterate Anglican clergyman (of a type often satirized by Shakespeare) who deserted the family after a choleric bout of fisticuffs with a parishioner in the village churchyard. Hobbes was raised by his paternal uncle, a moneyed glover (like Shakespeare's father) from the local town of Malmesbury. After the philosopher had achieved notoriety, his critics vilified him as "the Atheist of Malmesbury." Hobbes received an excellent classical education from Robert Latimer, a young parson, who encouraged the lad to translate Euripides' *Medea* into Latin iambics, a signal achievement, and later introduced him to John Aubrey, the famous antiquarian. In 1603 Hobbes matriculated at his schoolmaster's old college at Oxford, Magdalen Hall, where his academic progress is harder to monitor.

Aubrey begins his narrative of the philosopher's years at Oxford with an arresting anecdote. Hobbes rose early, Aubrey recounts, in order to catch jackdaws in ingenious traps of glued twigs: "This story he happened to tell me, discoursing of the *Optiques*, to instance such sharpnes of sight in so little an eie." Hobbes also told Aubrey how he "tooke great delight there to goe to the Booke-binders shops, and lye gaping on Mappes." Hobbes portrayed himself as a layabout, keen to educate himself as he saw best, but he had taken care not to offend his college's authorities. He quietly disdained Oxford's curriculum, or so he later assured Aubrey: "He did not much care for Logick, yet he learnd it, and thought himself a good Disputant."

Throughout his long life, Hobbes mocked universities as places in which tenured disputants knotted themselves and their students into a "frequency of insignificant Speech." He sneered, "there can be nothing so absurd, but may be found in the books of Philosophers." In particular, Hobbes loathed the tomes of medieval schoolmen and their seventeenth-century disciples, both Catholic and Protestant, in which, he jeered, one might encounter discussions "of a round Quadrangle; or accidents of Bread in Cheese; or Immateriall Substances. . . . When men write whole volumes of such stuffe, are they not Mad, or intend to make others so?" For the professor, it is an occupational disease to "find himselfe entangled in words, as a bird in limetwiggs; the more he struggles, the more belimed." Uneducated people can also tie their semantic shoelaces together, but their "naturall Prudence" (shared with dogs) ensures that they do not "fall upon false and absurd generall rules." Universities nurture soi-disant experts whose proficiency is jargon. Hobbes told Aubrey that he would rather "take Physique from an experienced old Woman, then from the learnedst but unexperienced Physician."

Hobbes and Bramhall on Liberty and Necessity
edited by Vere Chappell
Cambridge University Press, 104 pp., $17.95 paper

Thomas Hobbes
by Conal Condren
Twayne, 183 pp., $32

Squaring the Circle
The War Between Hobbes and Wallis
by Douglas M. Jesseph
University of Chicago Press, 424 pp., $80

The Correspondence of Thomas Hobbes
Vol. 1: 1622-1659, Vol. 2: 1660-1679
edited by Noel Malcolm
Oxford University Press, 500 & 508 pp., $98 each

Hobbes
A Biography
by A.P. Martinich
Cambridge University Press, 400 pp., $37.50

The Hunting of Leviathan
17th Century Reactions to the Materialism and Moral Philosophy of Thomas Hobbes
by Samuel I. Mintz
St. Augustine's, 200 pp., $20 paper

Hobbes's Theory of the Will
Ideological Reasons and Historical Circumstances
by Jürgen Overhoff
University Press of America, 288 pp., $24.95 paper

Reason and Rhetoric in the Philosophy of Hobbes
by Quentin Skinner
Cambridge University Press, 468 pp., $24.95 paper

Thomas Hobbes and the Political Philosophy of Glory
by Gabriella Slomp
Palgrave, 194 pp., $65

Natural Law, Religion, and Rights
by Henrik Syse
St. Augustine's, 350 pp., $37.50

Worse still, universities incubate political sedition when dons preach radical ideas. Hobbes lambasted the Puritans of Oxford and Cambridge. Today, of course, visitors to Emmanuel College, Cambridge—then a hotbed of Puritan dissent—routinely stop to admire the stained glass windows of John Harvard and other Puritan luminaries that have since been installed in the college chapel. Calvinist dogmas of the "elect" have yielded to Anglo-American faith in democratic "elections" in a way that Hobbes did not, perhaps, anticipate. Or, perhaps, in a peculiar way, he did—for his social contract also emerges from the covenant theology of the Reformation.

In the grand title page to *Leviathan*, Hobbes shows a fearful Lilliputian mob binding themselves in an irrevocable contract to authoritarian government—the Brobdingnagian figure who envelops them—as they flee from the anarchy of the 1640s. Beneath the landscape are vignettes that illustrate literal war and the war of words.

Such warring Hobbes blames upon disputes that simmer in universities and churches unregulated by civil authority. In post-Reformation England, Oxford and Cambridge were envisaged as bastions of Anglicanism (holy orders were a prerequisite for dons), but by 1651, when *Leviathan* was published, Hobbes had come to believe that they had been overwhelmed not only by "absurdity" (that staple of university education) but by militant Puritanism. Cambridge had dispatched its firebrand graduates both to Massachusetts and to parishes throughout England, where they replaced reprobates like Hobbes's father. Most Puritans had remained

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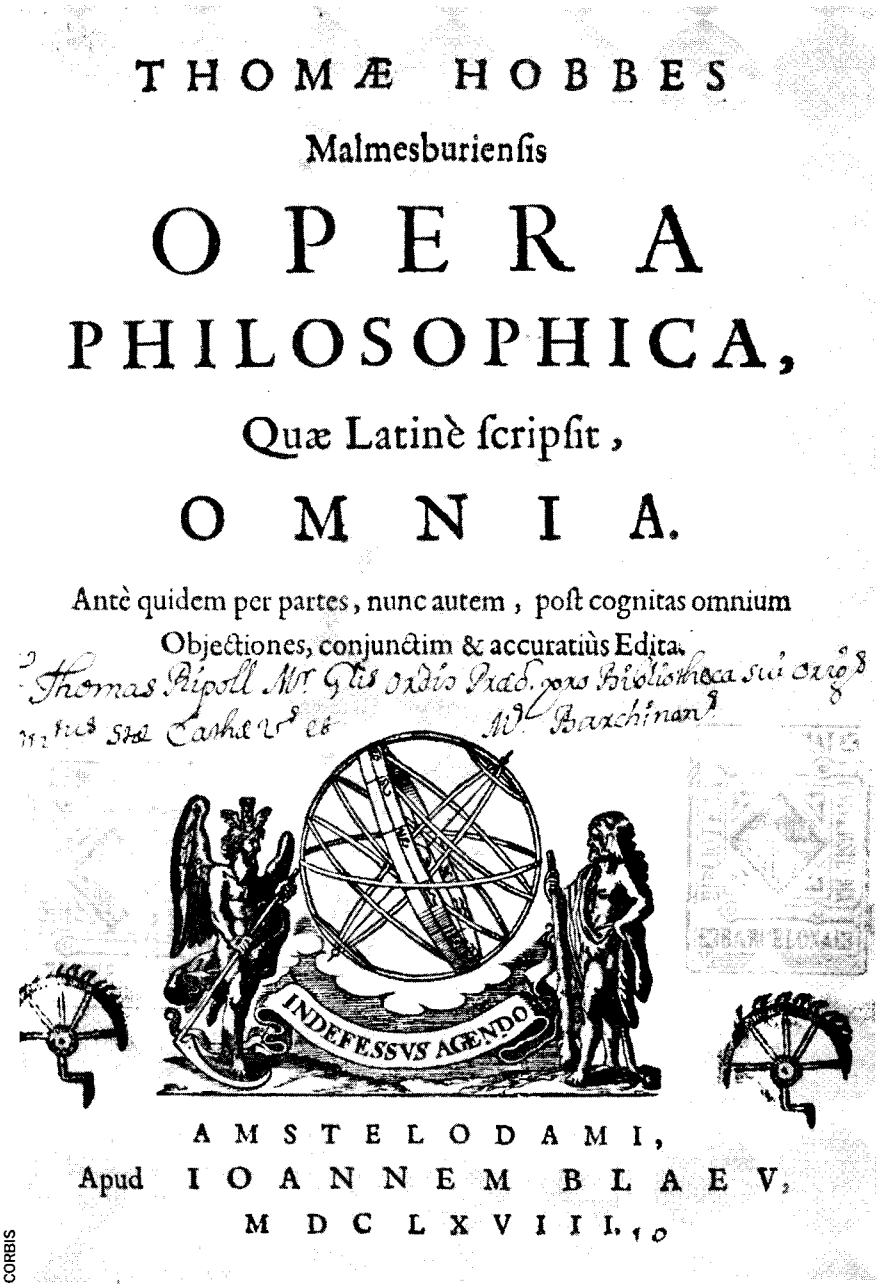
THOMÆ HOBBES
Malmesburienſis
OPERA
PHILOSOPHICA,
Quæ Latinè ſcripſit,
OMNIA.
Antè quidem per partes, nunc autem, poſt cognitas omnium
Objectiones, conjunctim & accuratiùs Edita.

AMSTELODAMI,
Apud IOANNEM BLAEV,
MDCLXVIII.

CORBIS

within the Anglican communion, but during the 1640s they broke with the Church of England and finally abolished it. Sects multiplied crazily.

As a graduate of Magdalen Hall in 1608, Hobbes was clearly not cut out to be a don or clergyman. Instead the college principal recommended him as a tutor to the Cavendishes, an aristocratic family with wide-ranging intellectual interests.

Hobbes continued as a tutor to several generations of Cavendish heirs until 1640, except for two years when he accompanied as tutor a dissolute seventeen-year-old named Gervase Clifton on travels through France and Switzerland. During his three decades in the Cavendish household, Hobbes also accompanied his pupils on Grand Tours to France and Italy in 1614-15 and in 1634-6. He treated his position as an extended research fellowship that allowed him to read and publish, and to travel to meet leading continental intellectuals like Galileo and inhale European Catholicism (which he compares, in *Leviathan,* to "the Kingdome of Fayries"). As his political philosophy matured, Hobbes scrutinized the deepening crisis of Stuart authority, and he honed his analysis with the instruments of modern science, a subject that had yet to appear on the curriculum at Oxford.

In 1629 Hobbes published a rugged translation of the *History of the Peloponnesian War*. Thucydides was his favorite historian because "he shows how incompetent democracy is." When writing of "the emulation and contention of the demagogues for reputation and glory of wit" (Hobbes loathed the orating Pericles), he glanced at the critics of Charles I who had become increasingly vociferous in parliament. The Greek language had buckled under the impact of war: "The received value of names imposed for signification was changed into arbitrary. For inconsiderate boldness was counted true-hearted manliness; provident deliberation, a handsome fear; modesty, the cloak of cowardice; to be wise in every thing, to be lazy in every thing." Hobbes thus contrived that Thucydides talked "to the English about the need to escape from the clutches of the rhetoricians whom they consulted at that time."

But arbitrary signification prevailed during the Puritan Revolution, and Hobbes changed his tack in *Leviathan*. "For words are wise mens counters, they do but reckon by them" he observes caustically, "but they are the mony of fooles, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas [Aquinas], or any other Doctor whatsoever, if but a man."

That it was ever thus—that mendacity, name-dropping, deceitful rhetoric, and chop-logic have always existed—solves no contemporary problems of sovereignty. Hobbes became dissatisfied both with classical history and with treatises like Machiavelli's *The Prince* as guides to political theory and practice. No one ever seemed to learn anything other than mischief.

While accompanying Clifton to Geneva in 1630, Hobbes had an epiphany when he saw a copy of Euclid's *Elements of Geometry* lying

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open at the Pythagorean theorem. As Aubrey tells the story,

> By G—, sayd he, (he would now and then swear an emphaticall Oath by way of emphasis) this is impossible! So he reads the Demonstration of it, which referred him back to such a Proposition; which proposition he read. That referred him back to another, which he also read. Et sic deinceps [and so on]. That at last he was demonstratively convinced of that trueth. This made him in love with Geometry. . . . he was wont thereafter to draw lines on his thigh and on the sheetes, abed.

Some scholars regard this story as too good to be true: Hobbes had surely read Euclid at Oxford, and by the age of forty-two he was sufficiently well-versed in geometry and its scientific applications to need no epiphany. But some epiphany was surely coming for him. In 1641 Hobbes fled the coming wars in England for Paris. There he mingled with fellow refugees like the Cavendishes, tutored England's heir apparent in mathematics, and crossed swords with Descartes (whose science was "scarcely that of a sane man"). In the vibrant intellectual life of Paris Hobbes participated fully, enjoying the friendship of philosophical clerics like Marin Mersenne and Pierre Gassendi, as he mastered the republic of learning.

Hobbes's response to Euclid uncannily foreshadows the exclamations elicited by *Leviathan*, which Hobbes began not long after the beheading of Charles I in 1649 and published in 1651, when the author was sixty-three. Entangled in Hobbes's propositional demonstrations, readers squawk like limed jackdaws. But Hobbes always has his readers where he wants them. In a mechanical world of matter in motion, from which the agency of God evaporates, fears of death will always drive us to accede to the power that Hobbes dictates. His dispiriting vision was shared by many of his contemporaries. Most preserved, often with genuine piety, the appearances of some ghost in the machine: a clock-making God, or the immortal souls that He had mysteriously fashioned, or the Light Within. But Hobbes was ruthless—"the Gods were at first created by human Feare"—particularly about a cosmos now disenchanted by scientists.

In September 1651 Hobbes presented a manuscript copy of *Leviathan* to Charles II, who had escaped to Paris after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester. The work's anti-Catholicism enraged not only the French clergy but also the expatriate court (particularly its Catholic queen mother, Henrietta Maria), and in December 1651 Hobbes beat a hasty and homesick retreat back to Cromwell's England. Still, *Leviathan* suggested, on one reading, that the dead king should have taken a ruthless line with the Puritans.

On another reading, however, *Leviathan* suggested that Cromwell's autocracy was preferable to a failed royalism. For a royalist, Hobbes found himself in a paradoxical position. It was a position that pleased neither his enemies nor his friends (and Hobbes loved company, despite being rabid for controversy). Hobbes lived in interesting times. "If there were degrees of high and low," he recalled in 1668 at the age of eighty, "I verily believe that the highest of time would be that which passed between the years of 1640 and 1660."

Hobbes's major legacy, *Leviathan* hangs together as a vision of its age rather than as a blueprint for all time. Savvy readers of *Leviathan* are flattered both with axioms and with countless pithy asides—"to have no desire is to be dead"—which remind us how smart his political geometry is. More than a theoretical treatise, *Leviathan* is also a work of literary genius whose nightmares bespeak *Medea* or *King Lear*. Implacable in its purport—Hobbes intimates that force and fraud and fear and death will always annul his panacea—*Leviathan* still retains a glint of the rhetorician's snake oil. On its title-page, the book appraises us with the beady eyes of none other than a youthful Hobbes. The crowned giant of Hobbes's imagination brandishes a sword and a crozier against a verse from the Vulgate Job: "There is no power on earth which can be compared to him." Other portraits of the author evoke his aquiline sharpness more vividly but without the same narcissism. *Leviathan* compellingly records the philosopher's will-to-cerebral-power, a funambulist's ambition that darkly illuminates our human life below.

After the restoration of crown and Anglicanism in 1660, Charles II declared that his old teacher should have "free access to his majestie," and he granted the philosopher a generous pension (which he usually neglected to pay). The Cavendish family took better care of him in lavish country houses from which they could ward off any rebarbative bishop who sought a prosecution for heresy. Nonetheless, Hobbes torched many of his manuscripts and penned a treatise arguing that heretics should not be burned.

He wrote ceaselessly until the end, adding translations of Homer to his Thucydides. "I am about to take my last voyage," he reportedly observed on his deathbed, "a great leap into the dark." The Atheist of Malmesbury may privately have espoused some heterodox version of Anglicanism (during a life-threatening illness of 1647 a fearful Hobbes requested the church's last rites), but for public appearances, he chose the cool line of geometry that informs his political science.

In 1679 he was buried near Hardwick Hall, a Cavendish estate, under the modest Latin epitaph he composed: "He was a virtuous man, and for his reputation for learning, he was well known at home and abroad."

Hobbes skewered the Athenian demagogues who itched for "glory of wit," but he held back from the cut and thrust of politics. He was, instead, animated by a powerful "Lust of the mind, that by a perseverance of delight in the continuall and indefatigable generation of Knowledge exceedeth the short vehemence of any carnall Pleasure." Rumor has it that Hobbes wanted his epitaph to read "This is the true philosopher's stone"—a joke that only a gravestone could fulfill the alchemists' dream of extended life. But *Leviathan*, he knew, was his real charm against intellectual death. ♦

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Parody

An interview "would give you a chance to explain your experiences to our huge audience and also the opportunity to share your views and concerns, which I know *you've long wanted to do.*"

—From a letter to the Unabomber, Ted Kaczynski, by NBC's Katie Couric, one of several journalistic suitors whose mash letters to Kaczynski are posted at TheSmokingGun.com.

Mein Lieber Chancellor:

The news coverage of Kristallnacht and the alleged excesses surely has been a disappointment as you continue the struggle to establish a vibrant Third Reich. Busy as you must be, an appearance on the *Heute* show would provide a vast audience which, I know, is anxious to hear "the other side of the story," as we say in the entertainment business. By the way, Eva's hair seems terribly, you know, severe—I'd love to give her my hairdresser's number. Sieg and all that.

Katrina von Kurik

Joe, baby,

Long time since we've had you on the show, too long. What's with this stuff about a "Gulag"—that some new Russian dance? But seriously, you're getting a bad press in the U.S. from a bunch of nuts who claim you stole their nuclear bomb secrets and this would be a great opportunity to launch a proactive PR campaign—and where better than in a sit-down with me? Your place or mine? You need to get out of the Kremlin occasionally, pal.

Larry Kingski

Genghis Khan
c/o Golden Horde

Dear Temujin, if I may be so familiar:

You may remember we met at the reception after you conquered north China (the Hot Pot was superb). "Pillage" is one of those words that lends itself to distortion—as I hardly need tell you. And I'm sure that the number of deaths in your campaigns have been exaggerated—especially the report about a thirty-foot pile of skulls. If you were to let more people see the world through your eyes and to appreciate your passion for multi-cultural interactions, critics might stop describing you as "barbarously cruel," and understand that to make an omelet, eggs must be broken. Of course we would submit a list of questions before the interview.

Managing Editor
Good Morning Mongolia

Ave Caligula,

I was extremely sorry to hear about the untimely death of Tiberius, and I hope you got my note of condolence. I don't for a moment put any stock in the rumors about your involvement, which must be terribly hurtful as you assume the responsibilities of ruling a magnificent empire. Let's both of us put on our best togas (purple is so your color) and chat about how it feels to hold the destinies of millions in your hands. We'll fill the Forum. I'm dying to see the new palace. I hear it's stunning.

Barbius Walters
XX/XX

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And Now: The British Election

Gerald A. Dorfman is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

The presidential election was so absorbing that few have noticed that our closest ally, Britain, is getting ready for its own national election. British politics is always fascinating and sometimes provides a lead, as when Margaret Thatcher took office in 1979 a year and a half before Ronald Reagan. The ideas known as "Thatcherism" still heavily influence politics in both countries.

Britain's election this year should prove quite instructive for Americans. The opposition Conservative Party is hoping to win using President Bush's theme of "compassionate conservatism." But at this point, political analysts expect the Conservatives to fail by a wide margin. Why? **What currently makes British politics so different from American politics?**

Both countries followed similar paths after World War II, first by embracing the managed economy and the welfare state and then by accepting the new conservatism of Thatcher and Reagan, which produced significant political change in each country.

Bill Clinton and then Tony Blair, however, masterfully led Democratic and Labour Party resurgences. Taking up electorally attractive Reagan-Thatcher conservative agendas, Clinton and Blair succeeded in arguing that only the Democratic and Labour Parties could govern conservatively with a caring face. Republicans and British Conservatives were politically outflanked. Further, prosperity in both countries made it even more difficult for them to regain power.

George W. Bush's election, however close, was thus indeed remarkable. Many aspects of the campaign went his way, but a key element was how skillfully he used the theme of "compassionate conservatism" to turn the tables on the Democrats and win over just enough independent voters.

"Compassionate conservatism" should therefore be a good recipe for British Conservatives. Indeed, British Conservatives have been pressing this message for a year. But as of now it looks like Tony Blair and Labour will enjoy a big win. Why?

The answer may well be a matter of timing. **One of the many factors that decide elections is the political life cycle;** elected governments often become old and vulnerable. In part, the political life cycle hurt the Republicans in 1992 after their twelve years in the White House. Furthermore, the Conservatives in Britain showed a lack of ideas, talent, integrity, and just plain "steam" after eighteen straight years in power—and were defeated overwhelmingly in 1997.

Conversely, the Republicans in 2000 showed their hunger and zest to return to power after eight years out, while the Democrats were clearly less energized. But the Conservatives in Britain, who have been out of power less than four years, are still squabbling among themselves about philosophy, policies, and leadership. They look like 1996 Republicans, whereas Tony Blair's Labour Party is imitating Democrats and Bill Clinton in 1996.

We are always learning more about politics, and Britain's upcoming election may offer another lesson. Of the many factors affecting elections, the political life cycle can be very important, especially when policy differences between the political parties are slight, as they have been in this era.

— Gerald A. Dorfman

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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